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Vol. CXCIX, No. 2601
DECEMBER 10, 1949

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Volume CXCIX No. 2601

The SPHERE, London, December 10, 1949

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

LAST VOYAGE OF THE OLD "IMPLACABLE"—ONE OF THE TWO OLDEST WARSHIPS AFLOAT IN BRITISH WATERS AND A VETERAN OF TRAFALGAR IS TOWED OUT OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR ON HER WAY TO BE SCUTTLED OFF THE OWERS LIGHT, ISLE OF WIGHT: From her stern flew the White Ensign and the French Tricolour, and these went down with the ship at her ceremonial sinking. The "Implacable" was 152 years old, and her timbers were hopelessly unsound

The *Implacable*, which was built 152 years ago, was at one time known as the *Duguay Trouin*. She sailed against Nelson at Trafalgar and was subsequently taken as a prize of war near Cadiz when Sir Richard Strachan captured some of the French and Spanish vessels seeking to escape from the battle. *Implacable* for many years formed part of the Boys' Training Establishment at Plymouth. She was nearly broken up in 1908, but was saved by the intervention of King Edward VII. The old ship was found recently to be in such poor condition that it was decided to scuttle her, although it was rumoured at the last moment that a French Committee was seeking to take her to Rochefort for preservation as a relic of Napoleon's ill-fated navy. Skies were grey and a chill wind was blowing as the hulk of the famous old ship moved slowly out of Portsmouth last week in tow of the tug *Alligator*. As she passed the present *Implacable*, the aircraft-carrier which is flagship of the Home Fleet, she was given a ceremonial farewell. By invitation of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, who was himself on board the flagship, thirty-seven naval veterans who had served in the old *Implacable* were given seats on the flight-deck. The oldest member of the party was Major H. E. Lidiard, Royal Marines, aged eighty-six, who as a boy of fourteen served in the *Implacable* when she was a naval training-ship at Devonport. The veterans stood to attention as the ship went past. A guard and band were mounted, and the National Anthem and the Marseillaise were played. (See also page 371 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, with Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Election Weapons.—It is clear enough that Mr. Attlee's team has decided—with or without his consent—that mud and stones shall be the election brickbats. Even Sir Stafford, fresh from the pulpit, champion of the Sermon on the Mount, is hurling his quota at the Tory giant. And Mr. Bevan, so pained and shocked if he should meet with bad manners on his platforms, is redoubling his insults concerning "the bankrupt collection of empty-headed nitwits in the Tory party" whose potential appeal to the electorate causes him so much concern. What a pity it must be so. What a fate awaits us early next year. I cannot and will not believe that public intelligence is preponderantly so low that it cannot recognise a spade as a spade, but only if it be called a bloody shovel. The more one looks at it, the more one concludes that the decision to fight with mud is based on the legal wisecrack: "You have no case: blackguard the prosecution's attorney." The appalling financial results of nationalisation—ever dearer coal, electricity, gas, transport, with its dreadful effects on industry, and those signs of apathy unknown in the worst days of private enterprise (e.g. the rural electricity tragi-comedy), all point to guilty knowledge and a deficiency complex tailing off into truculence and bad language. And yet I feel it in my bones that the average voter would be more impressed by a reasoned estimate of the special causes of failure, where failure is admitted, than by wild vilification of Opposition leaders and of all previous administrations. Platforms should stand clear of the mud. That is their *raison d'être*.

The Parliament Bill.—You have been watching your "ancient constitution" breaking up under your eyes. With your consent? If so, good; if not, you have been warned. The fight between Upper and Lower Houses has been going on for years. Reform of the Upper House was first described even by Tory statesmen as "very urgent" in our grandfathers' days. Nothing has ever been done about it. On paper the old hereditary system remains. In practice it has been dead for decades. But the Lords have fought a losing battle over their powers of veto and lost big battles before the First World War. And now the struggle is over. Under powers contained in the Parliament Act of 1911, the Royal Assent will be given to the new Bill *without* the "consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," hitherto an invariable item in the wording of the preamble. If you wish to be governed only by a House of Commons which may well be a totalitarian authority elected with a huge majority on a mob whim or reaction with a life of five years .... well and good. If you don't, if you doubt, you are warned. The General Election is ahead. You will vote on the nationalisation of Iron and Steel; the Lords gave you that chance with their last exercise of power. See to it that you cast your vote for a party which, if returned to power, will so reform the Upper House that it becomes (what in practice it long has been) a truly expert and impartial and small body of revisers, and will, once it is reformed, give that Chamber reasonable power to delay dangerous or heady or party measures until the current and considered will of the people may be known.

A Coalition Government.—There is nothing to suggest that anything but an academic and possibly short debate will result from Lord Elton's motion on the desirability of a Coalition Government in these critical times. Their Lordships will have time during the Christmas recess to consider the arguments pro and con which they will develop. But, when all is said, the poor old public, whose "interests" are the bones and beak of the argument for this politically unpopular but not always ineffective form of Government, may well think that the motion deserves a very full-dress debate. And why? Because the times do indeed seem to us critical. Because we are not quite sure that all the offices of State to-day are filled by the best available statesmen in the country. Because we have become most damnably sick already of this party mud-fight which is hotting up for the G.E., and are all too conscious of how little consideration the "little man" receives. Because in our hearts we know that the rooted objection of the Socialists, at any rate, to a Coalition in this hour of supreme crisis is anxiety as to its effect on the *party*. Some of the key men would lose office and salary and power, inevitably. But worse than that, some of the key men would stand out, and the party would inevitably split, as it did in the days when MacDonald, Thomas and Co. came in and others waited outside. And we do not all think that those risks (real as they are) should weigh in a decision which may involve the interests of the nation.

NEW ZEALAND REJECTS THE LABOUR PARTY—MR. W. J. JORDAN, THE DOMINION'S HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON, AND MR. S. A. CHISHOLM, N.Z. MEAT REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON, WATCHING THE GENERAL ELECTION RETURNS AT NEW ZEALAND HOUSE: The result was a big defeat for Labour after fourteen years in office. The gains were mainly in Auckland suburban constituencies and in electorates having mixed urban and rural populations. They reflected, more than anything else, the general desire of New Zealanders for a change after fourteen years of Labour rule. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Sidney George Holland, has been described as "first and foremost an Empire man." He first entered politics in 1935, the year of the National Party's débâcle

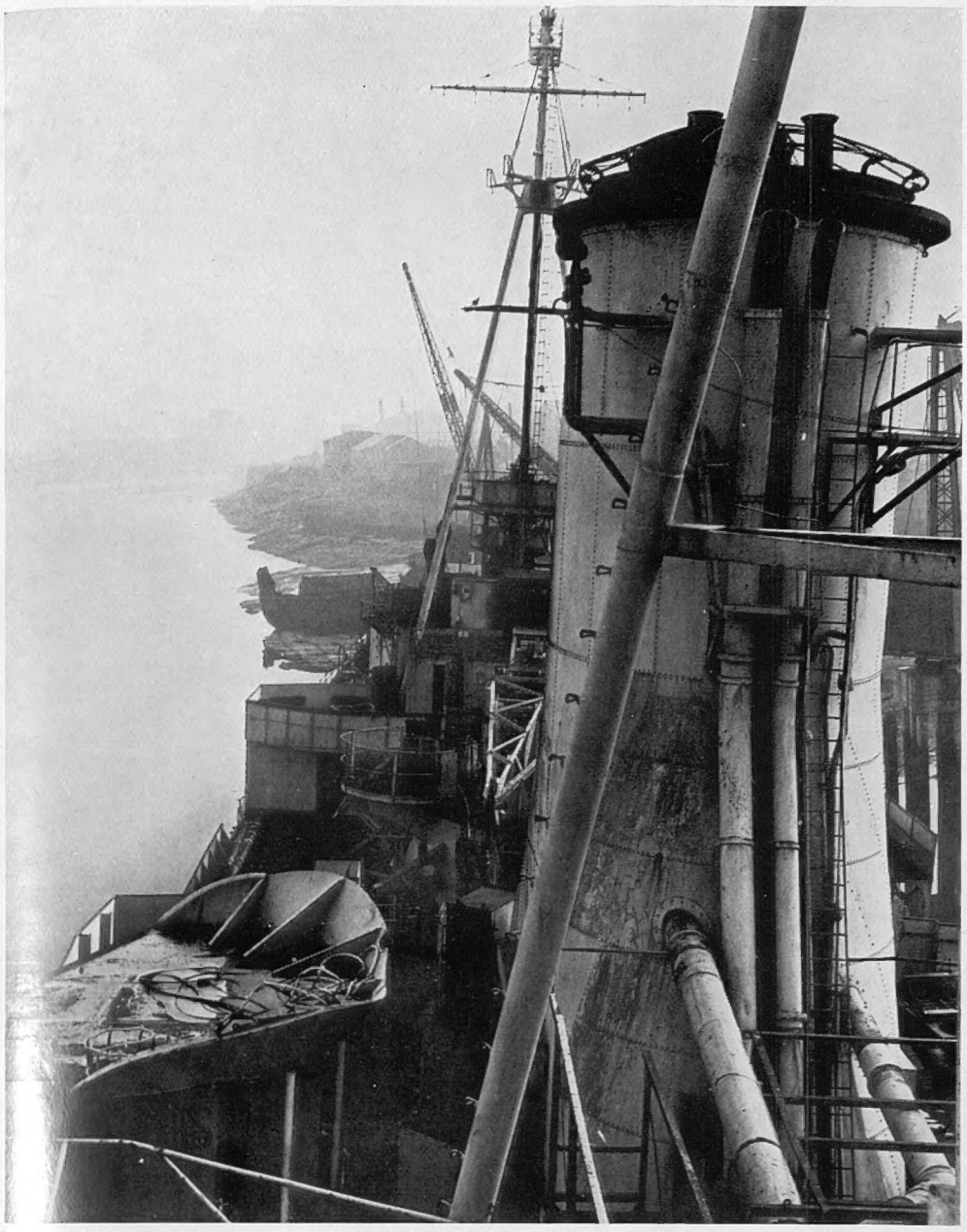
A Humanised Army.—The Regular of to-day was promised a jumping-off ground for civil life. Hitherto all his time was mortgaged to military training or service—or so it was said. Now he is given a twenty-eight-day course, if he so desire, to fit him for a civil profession or calling. The caviller may declare that this is a short apprenticeship in certain of the arts and crafts—hardly long enough to make a skilled Minister of State, M.P. or stockbroker. But that is petulance. The imagination and humanity of the scheme must be applauded. Sergeant-major (new style), more allied to Father Christmas or the old Nanny, comes round to the barracks' sleeping quarters (reading lamps beside each bed) and interrogates the time-expiring old Sweats. "And what would you like to be?" he asks. "A —— ballet dancer? Just the thing for you, Beefy." "And you, Pip-squeak, what 's your fancy? A crimson lion-tamer? Well, why not? Nothing easier." And the names go down for the appropriate courses. There is no cheap sarcasm in this; the point I stress is the humanity and the imagination. You may take it that there is to-day no brutal sarcasm in sergeant-major's quizzes. He is doing his duty new-style, saying it with fresh flowers. He is certainly not engaged solely in directing labour into vital industry. But I fancy you may fill in the blanks and translate the "crimson" and other bowdlerisms still with the old and time-honoured expletives. They, I fancy, have not changed.

Nationalised Railways.—A good many people more important than you and I must be scratching their heads over the increase in railway freight charges as a temporary means of checking the frightful loss on running State railways. We cannot pretend to know the rights of it. We cannot be expected *not* to pose the question among ourselves: would this disastrous state of affairs have inevitably occurred under private management? It is said that all State railways run nowadays at a heavy loss—with what truth we do not clearly know. The effects of the increase in freight rates to the tune of £27,000,000 a year are clear enough. It is not enough to cover next year's estimated deficit. It may be assisted by a further rise in passenger fares. It will have the immediate effect of making still more expensive to the railways themselves two essential commodities, steel and coal. Its effect on industry generally is still more obvious. At a crisis when production costs must come down, vital items in those costs to vital export industries must inevitably go up. There are the germs of a "headache" here for Mr. Barnes and the Chancellor and other Ministers.

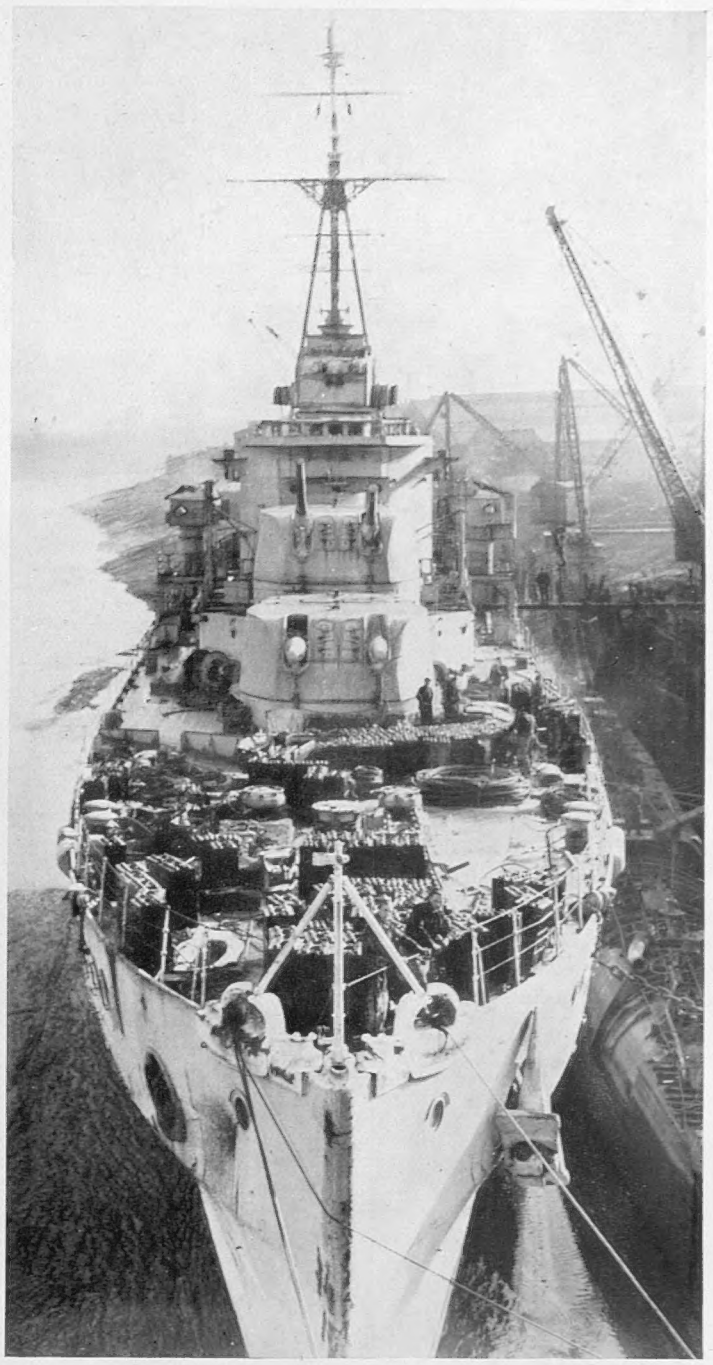
Death Penalty—A Judge's View.—If the Bench of Judges usually included even one "Lord Horfield" on its roll, there would be few to complain that the Home Secretary, in his review of death sentences and in his recommendations for reprieves, may be too busy and particular. Lord Horfield, you may remember, was the sadistic judge in that terrible and gripping novel by Hichens, *The Paradine Case*. But if we admit, as we must, that in the last century a Horfield, or anything like him, has been a rarity, then we must admit that Mr. Ede has perhaps been over-busy, and has (like Lord Pakenham in a single incident of rather less importance) made something of a habit of flouting the judges and of under-rating the efficiency and meticulous precaution of our noblest institution—criminal justice. For our High Court Judges are the admiration of Western civilisation. When they sentence a man to death, it is after a trial so exhaustive and so favourable to the accused as to make a miscarriage of justice practically impossible. But behind that trial and before it other tribunals have acted or are ready to act to ensure justice. The coroner may have held a trial by jury: the magistrates have considered every scintilla of the evidence and found a prima facie case for trial. And beyond the judge, the Court of Criminal Appeal and the House of Lords wait to pounce on any possible loophole for the accused, on a point of law or procedure or misdirection in court. When at last the case goes up to the Home Secretary, if he accept *the law of the day as the law*, an occasion for his intervention to prevent the sentence from being carried out, must be rare indeed. Mr. Ede has intervened a score of times in the past years. And that is why Lord Justice Denning used such a strong phrase when he declared that the death penalty has become a farce. That was one cause for his recommending a two-category definition of murder. But (clearly as important in his view) he recommended the change because it would reduce the opportunity of the Home Secretary flouting the judges, "doing a Pakenham." I doubt if the Bench as a whole would normally favour "category" murders. The members have all been trained to settle the category in each case on the strict evidence and on the merits, and so to direct their juries. But Mr. Ede's practice (humane, no doubt) has unquestionably sometimes flouted the judges, made nonsense of the Law of the day and compelled some judges to regard this compromise as a lesser evil.

"The Very Thing."—The season of doubt and difficulty in the choice of Christmas presents is at its height. The shops and stores offer us welcome suggestions to suit all needs and some purses. Perhaps it would be more correct to say "some needs and perhaps some purses." *Item*—A champagne whisk in 18-ct. gold, cheap at the price of £12 7s. 6d. *Item*—A tulip-end cigarette-holder with ejector, in 9 ct. gold, given away at £18 5s. Obviously neither father nor Uncle George can really be said to-day to live a civilised life without these two essentials, and the only question is: Can a devoted daughter or niece find in her bank balance justification for an article so obviously apt at a price so patently moderate? That is the sole crux. For I scout the suggestion that this catalogue of cheap necessities has got into the wrong hands and was really intended for the export markets in the dollar countries. English tradesmen don't make such mistakes. I like to reflect on the planning, the designing and the manufacture of these little articles for our austerity Christmas. I like to think of the craftsmen engaged on this essential work and all the skill they put into it. Champagne and cigarettes are both expensive articles and need handsome appliances to enjoy them to the full.

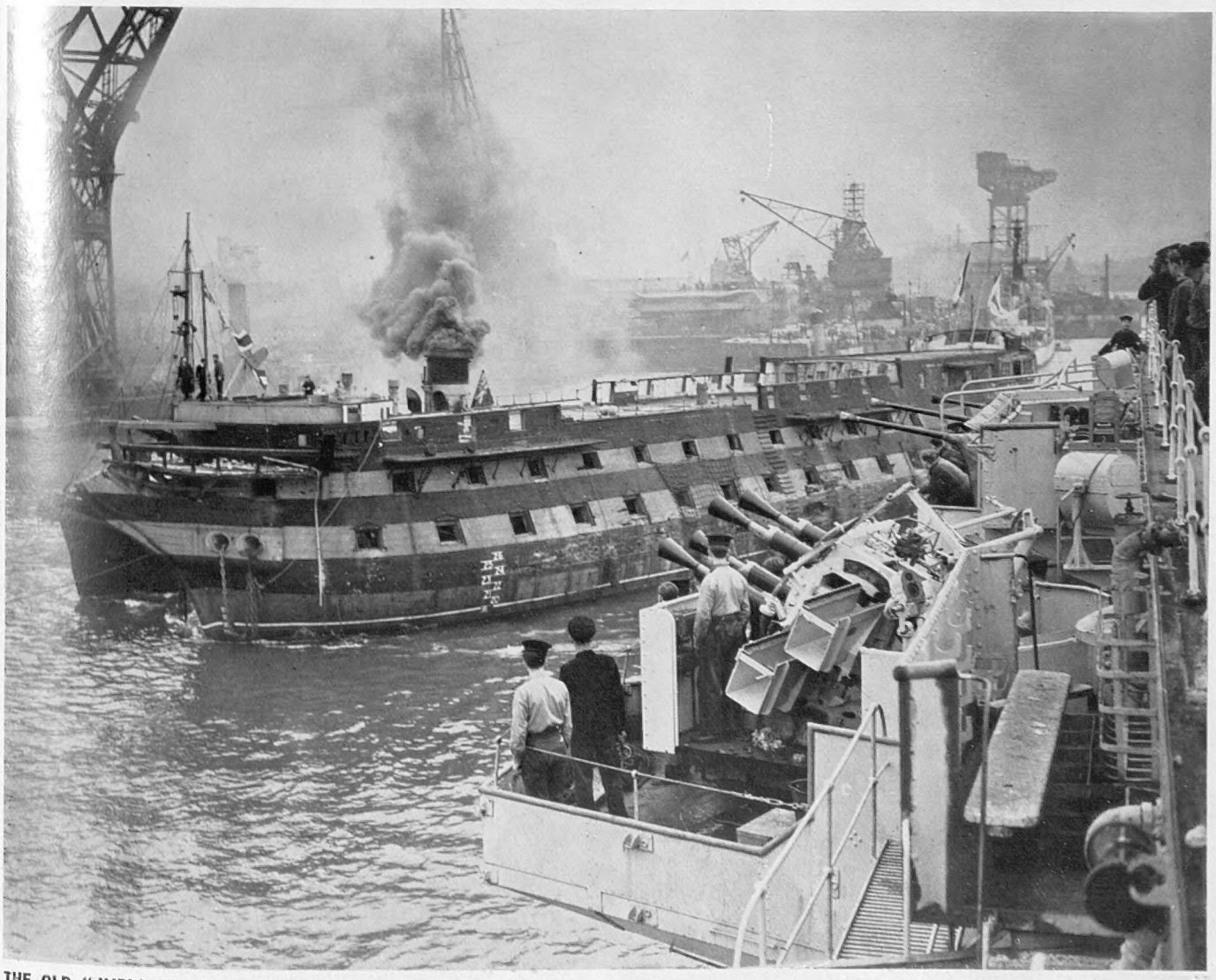
THE OLD STAGER



"AJAX" IN THE RIVER USK AT NEWPORT, MON.: The celebrated cruiser which took part in the Battle of La Plata when the German pocket-battleship "Graf Spee" met her doom, seen in the shipbreaking yards of J. Cashmore. On reaching the Usk the "Ajax" went aground on the mudbanks, and attempts to free her with powerful tugs lasted over a week

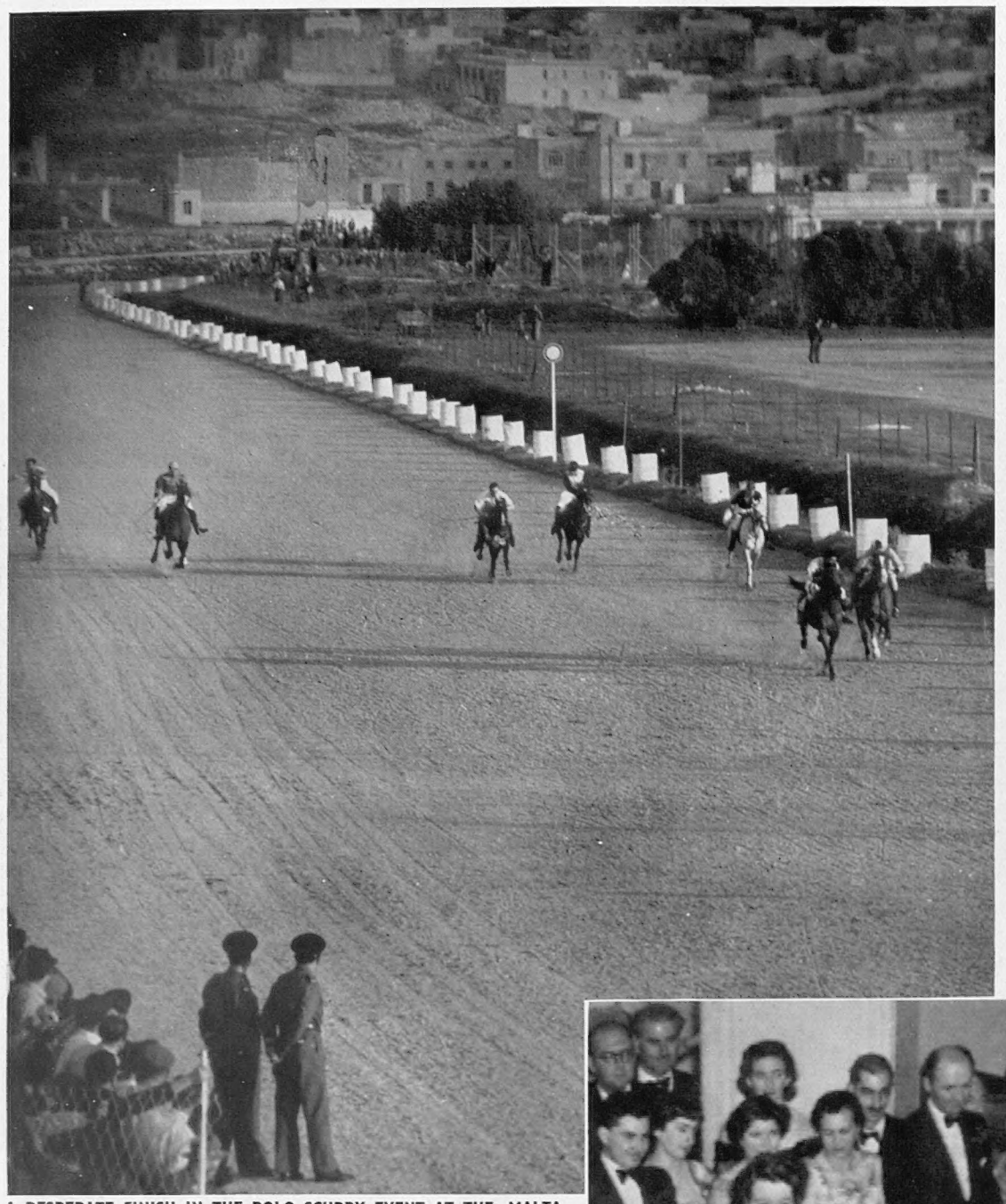


THE "AJAX" MADE FAST AGAINST A GERMAN SUBMARINE: The cruiser at the John Cashmore Wharf, Newport, South Wales, prior to the start of ship-breaking operations. With the "Ajax" in the Battle of La Plata were the "Achilles," now transferred to the Royal Indian Navy, and the "Exeter" which was sunk in the Battle of the Java Sea in 1942. When it was suggested last year that the "Ajax" should be sold to the Chilean Government, there was an immediate public outcry. "Ajax" was built by Vickers-Armstrong and launched by Lady Chatfield in 1934. At the time of writing the question of whether her guns will be scrapped or retained for use in other warships is still under consideration



THE OLD "IMPLACABLE" MOVES SLOWLY TO HER DOOM: The famous training vessel, which fought in the combined French and Spanish Fleets at Trafalgar, seen as she was towed from Portsmouth Harbour en route to the point off the Isle of Wight where she was ceremonially scuttled. When this picture was taken the "Implacable" was passing the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. "Vengeance"

GOOD-BYE
to
"AJAX"
and
"IMPLACABLE"
The Veterans
of La Plata and
Trafalgar



A DESPERATE FINISH IN THE POLO SCURRY EVENT AT THE MALTA RACING CLUB GYMKHANA : Lieut.-Commander Peter Howes, Earl Mountbatten's Flag-Lieutenant, is seen (second from right) winning by a head from Major-General Heath, the newly appointed General Officer Commanding the Malta Station. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip watched the race with Earl and Countess Mountbatten

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TRAVELS IN MALTA'S ONLY ROLLS-ROYCE : Arriving at one of the many functions she has attended on the island since her arrival on an informal visit. With the Princess is Countess Mountbatten

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN MALTA

Taking Part in the Religious Life and the Social Life of the Island

THE PRIMATE AND THE PRINCESS : Dr. Fisher, who has been visiting Malta for the re-hallowing of St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, shaking hands with Princess Elizabeth as she left the Cathedral

THE PRINCESS TAKES PART IN AN EIGHTSOME REEL AT THE SADDLE CLUB DANCE : She is seen linking arms with Lady Pamela Mountbatten, daughter of Earl Mountbatten. The Duke of Edinburgh is on the left of the circle. Since Vice-Admiral Mountbatten arrived in Malta to command the First Cruiser Squadron, the Saddle Club has made great strides, and is now more than ever a centre of social life

MR. LOUIS JOHNSON ADDRESSES THE DEFENCE MINISTERS AND CHIEFS OF STAFF OF THE TWELVE ATLANTIC PACT COUNTRIES : The North Atlantic Defence Committee sat for over five hours at the Navy Ministry in Paris under the chairmanship of the United States Secretary for Defence. The Defence Committee considered "matters brought before it by the North Atlantic military committee and the North Atlantic military production and supply board." It arrived at unanimous agreement on the strategic concept for the integrated defence of the North Atlantic area; the provision of a programme for the production and supply of armaments and equipment; the co-ordination of planning between the various regional groups concerned; and the progress of defence planning of the North Atlantic Treaty organisation

NORTH ATLANTIC DEFENCE

Agreement in Paris Between the Twelve Defence Ministers

GREETING MR. LOUIS JOHNSON : M. René Pleven, French Defence Minister; Mr. James Bruce, Mutual Aid Plan Director; and Mr. A. V. Alexander, British Defence Minister, with the United States Secretary for Defence at the Paris meeting of the Defence Ministers of the twelve signatories

SERVICE CHIEFS AT THE MEETING : Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape, First Sea Lord; Lieut.-General Charles Foulkes, Canadian Army Chief of Staff; and General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the United States joint Chiefs of Staff, who, with Mr. Louis Johnson, emphasised the degree of co-operation among all the nations associated with the Pact

THE CHIEFS OF STAFF CONFER : The military committee met two days before the plenary conference under the chairmanship of General Omar Bradley. A further picture appears on page 380. The meetings of both the military and the defence committees concluded the essential tasks of organisation and the formulation of agreed objectives which are necessary for the defence provisions of the North Atlantic Treaty

BEAUTY IN WOOD AND STONE

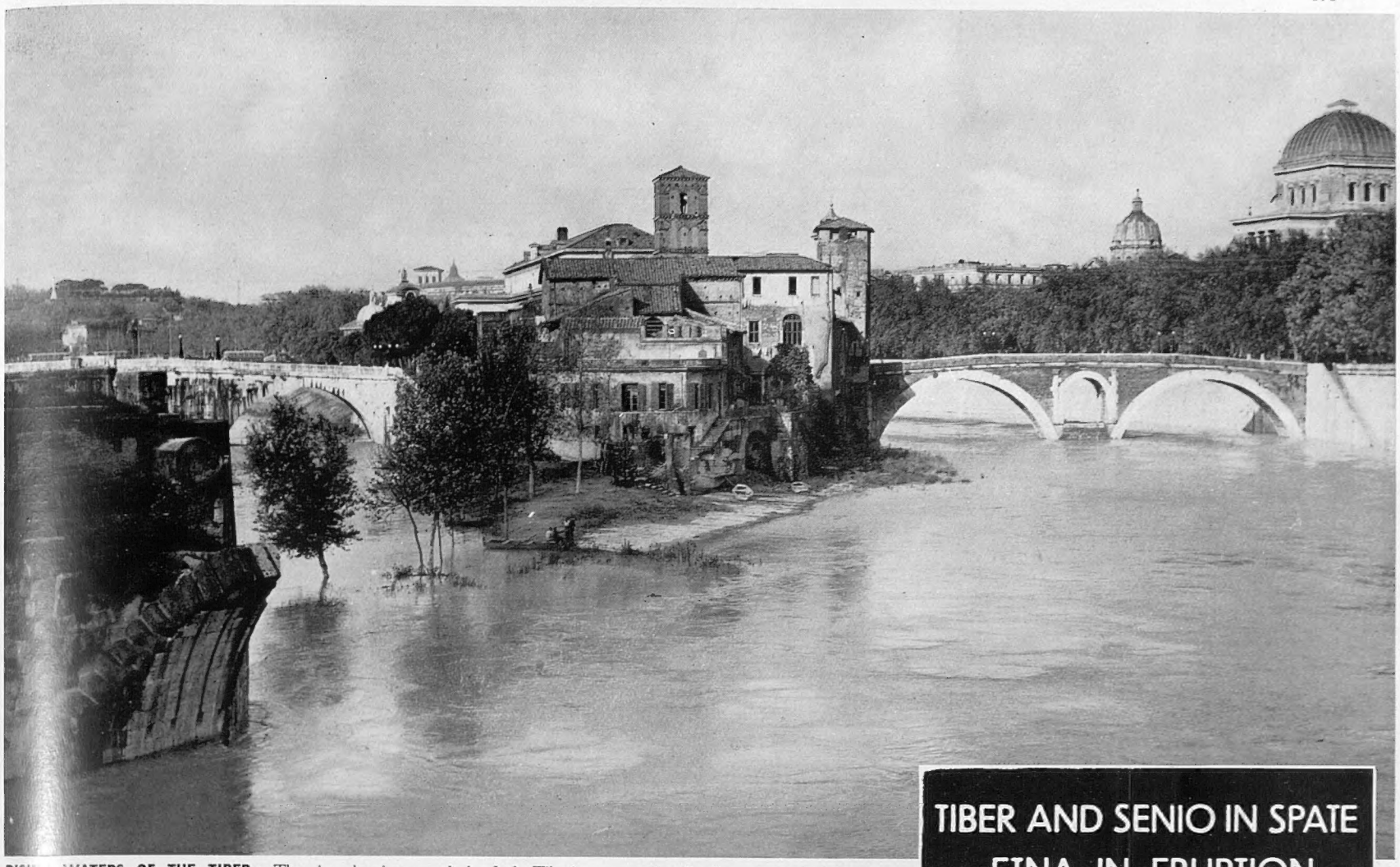
An Ancient Hereford Manor House and an Old Surrey Mill-Church Undergo Repairs

REPAIRING THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOATED MANOR HOUSE OF LOWER BROCKHAMPTON: This comparatively unspoiled example of Medieval half-timber work, which passed into the hands of the National Trust in 1947, is now undergoing careful restoration, the rafters being replaced with timber from the estate. On the Brockhampton Estate, which lies near Bromyard, Herefordshire, are two principal houses. The larger mansion, Brockhampton Park, is an early Georgian residence which has been so much modernised that it hardly qualifies as a building of architectural importance. The smaller house, Lower Brockhampton, stands in a secluded position away from the main Worcester road. It has a rare detached gatehouse. The bequest to the National Trust was made by the late Colonel John Lutley. The property came into the possession of the Lutleys in 1730

A WINDMILL USED AS A CHURCH: *Above*—An interior view of the windmill at Reigate Heath, and, *right*, an exterior view of the old mill, which is visited by many hikers in the summer months: The old windmill is believed to be the only one in the country used as a church. It is to be repaired as a result of representations from the Society for the Protection or Ancient Buildings. Last used as a mill in 1869, it was adapted as a chapel for forty worshippers in 1880. Now it is owned, together with freehold land bought in 1901, by Reigate Heath Golf Club, which is raising part of the cost of the repairs from members. A fund is also being opened by the vicar of the parish. The scheme for repair and restoration of the mill has been prepared by Southwark's diocesan surveyor

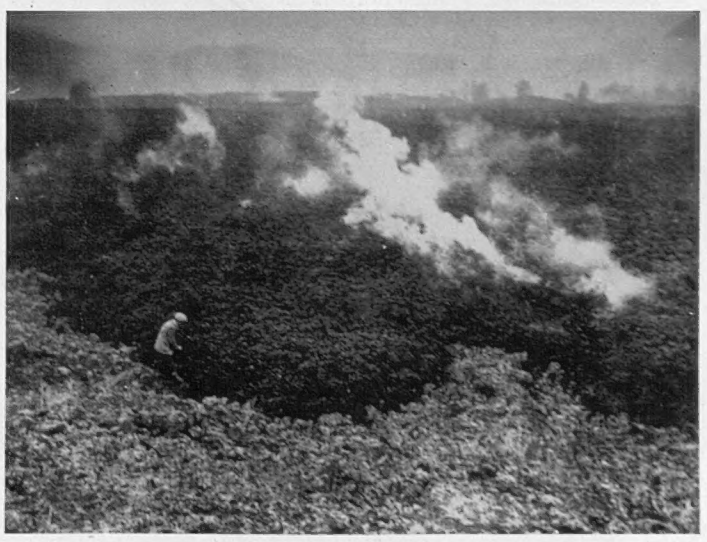
THE GATEHOUSE AT LOWER BROCKHAMPTON WHICH SPANS THE MOAT SURROUNDING THE OLD HOUSE: The gatehouse, like the well-known example at Stokesay Castle, is among the very few timber gatehouses to have survived into this century

TIBER AND SENIO IN SPATE
ETNA IN ERUPTION



RISI[illegible] WATERS OF THE TIBER : The river lapping round the Isola Tiberina as, swollen by the recent rains, it passes [illegible]rough the heart of Rome. In ancient times Tiber Island was sacred to Aesculapius. It was surrounded by a bulwark [illegible] travertine, which gave it the appearance of a ship. Nowadays it houses the Hospital of St. John of God

BOATS HAVE BEEN OUT IN THE STREETS OF FUSIGNANO : *Left*—Rescue workers travelling between the flooded buildings in the North Italian town, where the floodwaters of the Senio, fast-flowing tributary of the Po, have created considerable havoc. *Right*—A section of the embankment which was washed away by the Senio and led to the inundation of the town. Fusignano is 180 miles south-west of Milan, and has suffered more severely than any other Italian town in the recent flooding



MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION : *Left*—A great pall of smoke emerging from the crater and (*right*) a Sicilian hillman watching the lava stream advancing across the countryside. The eruption began just before dawn on December 2, and at once caused much alarm in the inhabited centres lying to south-west, west, and north-west below the central crater. Preceded by a slight earth tremor and loud rumblings which awakened the inhabitants of Bronte and Nandazzo, columns of smoke rose from the north side of the main crater and were followed by frequent discharges of ashes. The largest stream of lava was moving on a 300-ft. front. Showers of fine ashes were carried by the wind as far as Catania, twenty miles from the crater, and people in the streets brought out their umbrellas for protection

GLAMOUR BEHIND THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

The Foreigner's View of British Detection

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHY is it that the "British Intelligence Service" exercises such a spell over foreign *policiers*, crime reporters, ideological analysts and feuilleton writers? Lately it has gone further: cold war bureaucrats and racketeers "coming clean" are likewise fascinated.

Why, when admitting his part in a counterfeiting plot, did not Hector Renard speak as follows at Charleroi:

"I was on a mission for the American Office of Strategic Services, on instructions from an American consular attaché in Barcelona. The idea was to bring ten billion counterfeit pesetas into circulation in Spain with the aim of upsetting Spanish economy, causing the overthrow of the Franco Government. The American Office promised to pay me 20 per cent. of the face value of the faked pesetas. My rake-off was to be in real dollars."

Instead, "The Fox" visited the tale on the "British Intelligence Service." They all do. There's no glamour about the "Office of Strategic Services" (commonly the O.S.S.). It doesn't ring a bell, either. And much the same applies to the Deuxième Bureau—although there is just a touch of the sinister about that, maybe a carry-over from Colonel Henry.

But, as villains of the piece, neither of them come near the "Intelligence Service" (pronounced with a handy hiss). Indeed, the O.S.S. has yet to make the headlines. "American spies and saboteurs" is as far as things have gone.

As soon as a certain type of foreign mind is confronted by crime problems of quality with a trans-frontier flavour, or recognises the possibilities of an underground "political plot" maybe reaching to assassination, it isn't long before the well-wearing

THE MAN FROM ROOM 055: Sir Percy Sillitoe, who is officially described as Director at the War Office and often referred to as head of M.I.5, the British Military Intelligence Department, has just paid a visit to South Africa, where he was received by Dr. Malan. Sir Percy's visit has been linked with a recent report that a "Secret Envoy" was about to visit South Africa to discuss the spread of Communism. From the Union Sir Percy flew on to Nigeria to investigate the riots

"British Intelligence" fable is summoned to lend tone and character, substance and verisimilitude.

Assuredly the juxtaposition of "intelligence" and "service" has something to do with it. Are they not redolent of dark mystery surrounding us, of hidden goings-on underneath our feet? I once wrote a book, the French translation of which was given the title *Mystères de l'Intelligence Service Britannique*, for no sound reason that I could determine. It just stood a better chance of earning a second look from the passer-by.

For the origin of the myth, obsession, conjurer's device, or whatever you choose to call it, one must go back to the ubiquitous use of English gold as a means of undermining The Tyrant during the Napoleonic Wars. (Perhaps Marlborough is the apter start.) The French came to feel an unseen force gnawing away at them, which accounts for the present distortion retaining a French aroma.

It was nourished during succeeding decades of English aloofness from the Continent, which ran parallel to constant English intervention in Continental affairs, and would attain to lively proportions when a Palmerston banged his fist, when Victoria liked her German cousins at the time of Schleswig or Sedan, when the theme of Splendid Isolation telescoped into a Fashoda.

It was as natural to "cherchez l'Intelligence Service" during the Dreyfus Case as it was to "cherchez la femme" at the Elysée death of Félix Faure.

The true Entente years, 1904-14, modified the trend; in fact, the next we know is of a strong admiration for the British Intelligence system, as it came to be deployed before and during the Kaiser's war. "The Riddle of the Sands" made its mark abroad, and so did real-life adventures of agents like Brandon and Trench. My memories of restricted liaison work between Montreuil and Chantilly in 1916-17 tell me that the French held our secret service in higher regard than any other branch.

Yet that did not prevent, rather did it rekindle, a presentation of "l'Intelligence Service" as something with a sinister ring about it all too soon after peace returned and French and British paths diverged over reparations and the Ruhr.

Lawrence and the bags of gold he kept for the Arabs were hauled out when the split spread to Asia Minor. Ashenden had by that time had its effect, too, for here was recognised fact fictionised by a master.

At times it grew to be really comical in the years that followed.

Between 1924 and 1934 about a dozen Britons, men and women, were murdered in France. Where arrests were made at all, the usual practice was to blacken the victim as an aid to acquitting the accused. Anti-British feeling ran high in those years—*la livre* sterling being the main cause much of the time—and the temptation to drag in "l'Intelligence Service" was hard to resist.

It would be cited as an agency for getting people "bumped off," as well as in explanation of Britons themselves meeting with that fate. Victims who had obviously been killed for gain, or because of their morals, became transformed into agents of "l'Intelligence Service." One looked in vain for the slightest substantiation. Such a characterisation gave spice to a sordid crime. It also afforded cover to police who either couldn't, or didn't choose to, solve a murder.

The classic case was that of a British Vice-Consul at Marseilles, who vanished after a drink on the Cannebière. Routine for persons not wanted by the "nervi" underworld was to cosh them in a side street, bundle the limp body into a car, proceed several miles round the bay, put the individual in a launch, shoot him when some way out, weight the corpse, and sink it beyond the area of currents that washed bodies inshore.

Such was in all probability the unfortunate Mr. X's fate. But he had been making discreet enquiries into the passage through Marseilles of narcotics from Egypt; a section of the local police was involved in this traffic; and so the real motive of the crime was smothered, and the Vice-Consul became instead an agent of the Intelligence Service, liquidated by a foreign Power.

I will not trace the growth of the myth through the bombastic days of Fascist Italy and on to the time when the Abetz-subsidised French newspapers made a point of associating "l'Intelligence Service" with each play of events, detrimental to France. Returning to the present, the Marseilles notion reappeared the other day in the case of the Australian, de Muralt, who was found killed in his car off the Champs Elysées.

Enough that the dead man had represented the Federation of British Industries for him to be linked with "British Intelligence." An agent of another country had "settled accounts" with him! (The facts came out later.)

Anyone who interests himself closely in industrial, commercial and scientific matters is liable to be called a "spy" during the cold war. Yet this does not account for the promptness with which foreign organs of publicity, both human and mechanical, implicate "British Intelligence" at every faint opportunity and in a diversity of lands.

It is interesting as a phenomenon, rather than worrying.

An easy start is to hazard that Dick Barton has made more fans than he knows, outside his own country; and that Peter Cheyney translations taking the room of Edgar Wallace on the kiosks have completed an unshakable image of British Efficiency in Mortal Crisis. At any rate, the image of the British secret (or "special") agent is clear-cut: a slanting figure, Homburg-shaded features, cigarette between lips, hands thrust in Raglan pockets.

We come upon firmer ground in examining the legacy left in the mind by British parachuting and kindred sustaining of foreign resistance movements during the war. This must have given the impression at the time of a powerful invisible friend sowing furtively, then striking. People who remember it in that way are ready subjects for tales of secret British activities told to-day with a different inflection.

Then consider the numerous queer characters floating about this Europe, in and out of rackets of various kinds, with zithery backgrounds of black marketing, smuggling, counterfeiting. Able to circulate freely, thanks to a round of passports, able to show proof of contacts with official bodies, such men "let slip" that they are working for British Intelligence. Such a calculated slip garners respect, rounds awkward corners, and is uncontradictable.

Quite a few of this lot happen to be British, and others were in London during or after the war. Like "The Fox," who was with the Belgian Economic Mission. Still another explanation of the vogue the Intelligence Service is having is that so many ex-Servicemen claim to have been of it. I suppose they reckon that saying so endows them with brains in the eyes of other people.

There must be thousands who spread it abroad—literally—that they were "with Intelligence." I have sifted and found falsehood, or that the person had been a clerk or a dispatch-rider. It all builds up the myth or exaggeration, to which foreigners lend themselves unduly.

Remain the principal instigators of "cherchez l'Intelligence Service." . . . Yes—the Comrades.

By pointing to Albion's notorious secret weapon, they hope to induce a "popular" belief over the frontiers that Britain is maintaining a nefarious network aimed at promoting disunity and worse. Carrying out of this Cominform directive—for such it surely is—may be observed in the sensational Communist newspapers now modelled on Hearst lines.

The Comrades also hope to deflect attention from the machinations of their own secret police.

ANOTHER BRITISH MAN OF MYSTERY: Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Patterson Scotland, O.B.E., who served as a staff officer in the German Army during the Second World War and was at the same time a member of the British Intelligence Service, his task being to gather and pass on to the War Office information regarding the Wehrmacht. He was also Commanding Officer of the Prisoner-of-War Interrogation Service of the British War Office from October 1942 to May 1945. Lieut.-Colonel Scotland gave important evidence at the War Crimes Trials of the German military leaders

But chiefly do the Comrades want to pin on the "British Intelligence Service" the attacks on their own bosses which are being perpetrated by other Communists.

Evidence accumulates of the existence of an underground working as effectively as the French wartime *maquis*, and composed mainly of anti-Soviet Communists whose immediate aim is to terrorise the Cominform leaders of their own countries. It seems that many minor Cominform officials have been murdered, and that the bigger fry are also sought.

It would never do to acknowledge that Communists had been liquidated by other Communists—even by fallen heretics. Nor would it do to try Bulgaria's ex-Premier Kostov for "treason" committed as a "national" Communist opposed to absorption by Russia. Instead, the indictment proclaims that he was seduced into working for the "British Intelligence Service." It is becoming the routine indictment in major trials among the satellites.

THE BATTLE OF NORFOLK

Nearly 3,000 Men in a Three-day Battle Round Stanford

The 29th Infantry Brigade Group, consisting of 2,916 men, of whom 918 are National Service men, have just finished the biggest combined manœuvres of all arms held in Britain since the war. Pre-war, this three-day battle round Stanford, in Norfolk, would have been an inconspicuous exercise. Now, when our home Army is in Germany, and the Regulars in this country are busy training the National Service men, the collection of the troops for these manœuvres required a tremendous effort by the Director of the scheme, Major-General M. S. Chilton, who is the General Officer Commanding the East Anglian District. At first sight it seems disheartening that with about 100,000 troops in the country, we should have to scrape the barrel to collect a weak brigade, but it is encouraging that the exercise was successfully staged against the odds of November weather, the inexperience of the troops and the normal routine of the Army.

MEN OF THE WELSH GUARDS MOVE FORWARD TO THE ATTACK: Members of a platoon passing through an old farmstead near Frog Hill, Norfolk, in the course of their advance. About a third of the men taking part in this Battle of Norfolk were National Service men

A WELL-CAMOUFLAGED COMET TANK ADVANCES OVER OPEN COUNTRY: The camouflage has been neatly arranged to break up the line of the turret, which would, of course, be the first object coming into enemy view over the brow of a hill

ALL IN POSITION FOR THE START OF A NIGHT ATTACK: Men of the Ulster Rifles whose task it was to attack a radar station in the Stanford area. In the middle distance is a Bren gunner with his right hand on the carrying handle and a magazine in place. He will advance with the weapon at his side, ready to go into action at a moment's notice

A PLATOON OF THE WELSH GUARDS PREPARES TO ATTACK THE ENEMY IN THE FADING LIGHT: They are advancing along the edge of the wood. The heads of the enemy are being kept down by the Bren

THE DIRECTOR OF THE EXERCISE HOLDS A CONFERENCE: Major-General M. S. Chilton, who is seen standing towards the right, wearing a white arm-band, holding a briefing for members of the attacking force in the battle. On the extreme right is the Chief Umpire

GUILDFORD'S THIRD BISHOP IS ENTHRONED

But the New Cathedral is still Incomplete

SIX MITRED BISHOPS ATTEND THE ENTHRONEMENT AT GUILDFORD : The Bishop of London, with two of his Suffragans, the Bishop of Portsmouth, the Assistant Bishop of Guildford, and the Bishop Suffragan of Southampton in company with others, leaving Abbott's Hospital for the service. Inside Holy Trinity the visiting Bishops occupied the Sanctuary while the Diocesan clergy were accommodated on one side of the nave and the civic dignitaries on the other. The Lords Lieutenant of Surrey and Hampshire were also present

GUILDFORD'S NEW BISHOP ANNOUNCES HIS ARRIVAL WITH THREE SYMBOLIC KNOCKS ON THE WEST DOOR : The Rt. Rev. H. C. Montgomery Campbell awaiting admission to the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity before he made his petition to be "inducted, installed and enthroned with the full episcopal rights"

The St. Andrew's Day Enthronement of the new Bishop of Guildford took place in the Church of the Holy Trinity, which is serving as a pro-Cathedral for the Diocese while the cathedral on Stag Hill is being built. The building of the new Cathedral is now going ahead—so far as building licences permit—after the delay during the last war. The Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Ven. A. Sargent, enthroned the new Bishop, and the Chancellor of the Diocese conducted the legal formalities. As the new Diocesan Bishop gained admission to the church, buglers of the Royal Marines sounded a loud fanfare. The Rt. Rev. H. C. Montgomery-Campbell recalled in his address that it was in Holy Trinity in 1911 that he was ordained priest. He added that he took the oaths of Bishop upon the Bible which Bishop Talbot (then Bishop of Winchester) handed to him at the Ordination Service.

TWICE A BISHOP SUFFRAGAN, NOW A DIOCESAN : The sixty-two-year-old Bishop received by the Provost, the Very Rev. R. S. B. Sinclair. He was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Willesden in 1940, and translated to Kensington in 1942

THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF GUILDFORD GO IN PROCESSION TO THE PRO-CATHEDRAL : The scene in the High Street as civic dignitaries of the Diocese arrived for the enthronement of the third Bishop of the Diocese formed in 1927

TÊTE-À-TÊTE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY : A last conference before the Bishops moved off to the Enthronement Service. Archbishop Abbott founded the hospital in 1619. It is built in the style of St. James's Palace. Holy Trinity Cathedral Church was built in the eighteenth century to replace an earlier one

INTO GOOD CALX

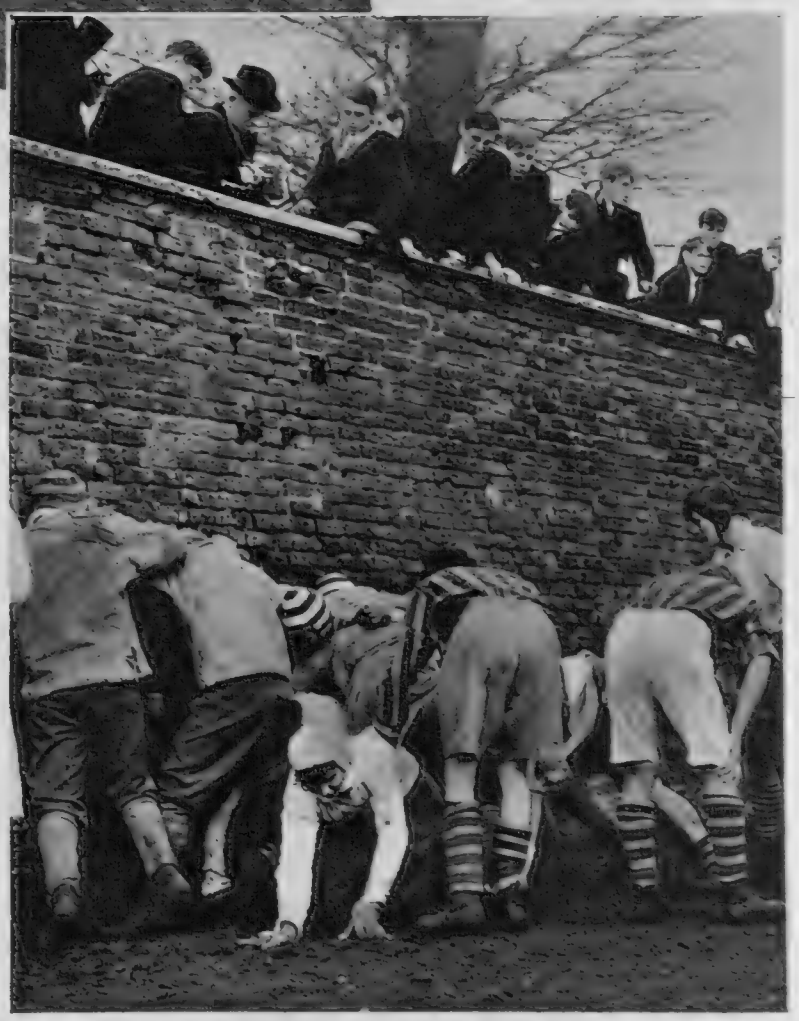
The Collegers Triumph in the Eton Wall Game

Only Etonians and Old Etonians understand the Wall Game, but reliable information from the playing fields of Eton is to the effect that the Collegers in their 109th St. Andrew's Day match with the Oppidans kicked the ball into Good Calx and, in the subsequent siege, scored no fewer than eight shies. This was a handsome margin, but apparently it was a ding-dong struggle. One shy was very nearly converted into a goal.

Time and time again this annual match results in a pointless draw, but in the post-war years it appears to have been endowed with more sparkle. In the 1947 game a programme for the spectators was issued. This attempted to explain the rules, noting among other things that "besides using brute force, a wall or second may place his fist gently against an opposing face and then, by torsion and pressure produce as much pain as is feasible." No man, however, "may deliberately strike strangle smother or jump on an opponent." Following the Collegers v. Oppidans match, Oxford and Cambridge Etonians took the field.

THE RIGHT ANSWER WAS A LEMON: M. A. Hissey, a competitor in the Eton Wall Game, taking refreshment at half-time in the St. Andrew's Day match

ETONIANS LINE THE WALL TO WATCH THE COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS IN THEIR ANNUAL BATTLE: The players interlocked beneath the wall in the tense annual struggle which only Etonians and Old Etonians really understand. In the second half College were consistently on the attack, and they succeeded in kicking the ball into Good Calx



THE BATTLE BELOW THE WALL: Collegers and Oppidans engaged in the great battle which this year resulted in a convincing win for the Collegers. When the Collegers kicked into Good Calx it was obvious that they would win, but it was a long time before they actually scored the first of the eight shies with which they were credited

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

AN OIL PIPE-LINE TO THE GROUNDNUTS AREA : Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanganyika, has lately declared open this 127-mile-long pipe-line which runs from Mtwara, on the coast, to Mtua, near Nachingwea, in the centre of the Southern Province groundnuts area. Laid through virgin territory, the 6-in. welded steel pipe-line, built for Shell Transport, rests on 6-ft. timber bearers which cope with lateral movement and prevent corrosion. The line "snakes" its way across the countryside to allow for contraction and expansion. The throughput of fuel will be between 80,000 and 90,000 tons a year. At the point shown in this picture the line crosses a trestle bridge

LADY PAMELA MOUNTBATTEN RIDES TO VICTORY : The daughter of Earl and Countess Mountbatten winning on Phœnix in the Ladies' Race at the Malta Racing Club Gymkhana. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were among the spectators. Phœnix is owned by Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten, leading light in polo, hunting and racing activities in naval circles. Earl Mountbatten is President of the Royal Naval Polo Association and Hunt Club

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA HIT BY A TORNADO ON THANKSGIVING DAY : An aerial view of the devastation at Oneonta, Alabama, after the storm had swept across the State, killing fourteen persons. Most of the houses in Oneonta were constructed of timber, and only a few survived

CHIEFS OF STAFF THRASH OUT POINTS OF DIFFERENCE AT A PARIS MEETING : General Charles Lecheres, of the French Army; General Omar Bradley (United States), non-voting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of the North Cape. The purpose of their conference at the French Ministry of Naval Affairs with other Allied Chiefs of Staff was to co-ordinate their views for presentation to the meeting of the twelve Defence Ministers of the countries signatory to the Atlantic Pact. One of the principal items on the agenda confronting the Chiefs of Staff was the question of the organisation of the production of war materials in Europe. They also considered what forces should be permanently established in Western Europe

SOUTH HOLLAND STAGES AN ENGLISH HUNTING EXHIBITION : Sir Philip Nicholls (left), British Ambassador at The Hague, seen with Mr. L. Kesper (centre), Governor of South Holland, during a tour of the Exhibition of Hunting Paintings which the Governor had just opened in the Court of Princes at Delft. Before the opening of the Exhibition, hounds and huntsmen paraded through the narrow streets of Delft in order to mark the occasion

THE SWISS BUILD A NEW ENGINE FOR BRITISH RAILWAYS : This 25,000-h.p. gas-turbine locomotive has been built in Switzerland by Brown Boveri. It uses no water and runs on cheap fuel-oil. The total weight of the new locomotive is 118 tons, and it has a top speed of 87 m.p.h. This picture was taken at Olten Station before a trial run

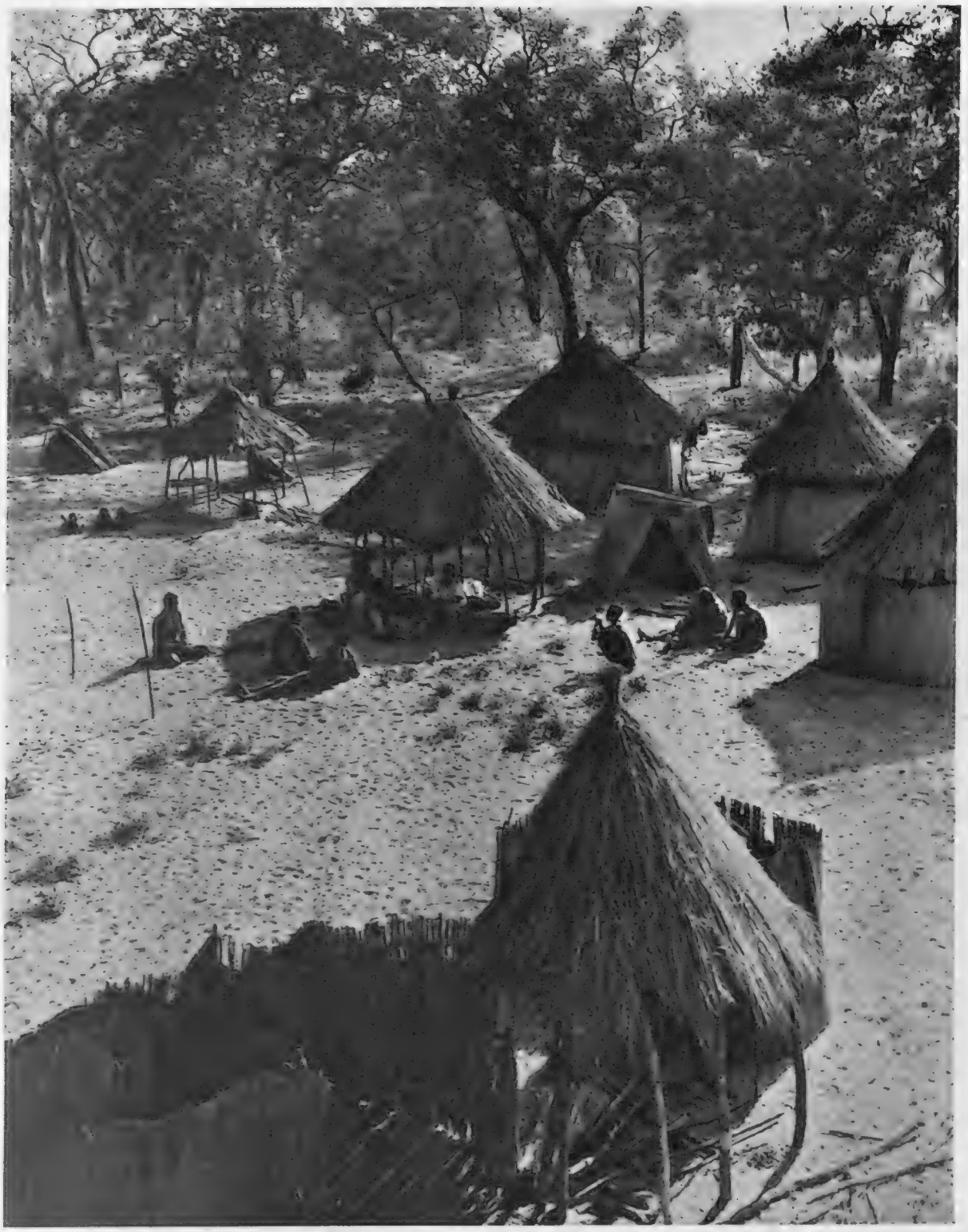
ONE RESULT OF THE NATIONALIST BLOCKADE IN COMMUNIST-HELD CHINA : To keep Shanghai going, enormous quantities of food are being brought into the city by way of the Soochow Creek. Youths, yoked in the traditional Chinese manner, as they are seen in this picture, drawing the sampans along the towpaths to their destination. Much of this transportation is done after dark

SAMPANS ON THE CROWDED SOOCHOW CREEK, THROUGH WHICH SHANGHAI NOW DRAWS THE MEANS OF EXISTENCE : Rice, corn and fuel are brought in rowboats and towed in barges from the hinterland, and hundreds of boatmen have been mobilised in the task of keeping China's great city going at a time of difficulty for the Communists

IMPLEMENTING THE HAGUE AGREEMENT—A DUTCH GENERAL TURNING OVER THE MILITARY COMMAND OF A LARGE AREA OF CENTRAL JAVA TO A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD INDONESIAN OFFICER AT A CEREMONY IN SOERAKARTA, SECOND LARGEST CITY IN THE REPUBLICAN AREAS : The General is Major-General F. Mollinger and his successor is Lieut.-Colonel Slamet Riadi. In many parts of Java and Sumatra the Dutch are now steadily withdrawing their forces prior to complete military evacuation of Indonesia. It is truly a great testing-time for the Indonesian leaders

MARGARET TRUMAN ADDRESSES A PRESS CONFERENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE : The daughter of the President of the United States giving an interview to reporters. She told them that she had never even met the man whom the Press had most recently reported as being engaged to her. Last week it was stated in the Press that Miss Truman had been offered a contract at £500 a week to appear in the London revue *Sauce Tartare*. At the end of November, Miss Truman gave a concert in Washington, when she sang with the National Symphony Orchestra in the presence of Cabinet members and members of society. One critic declared : " Miss Truman's voice has greatly improved, but she is still unhappy with those high notes—a fatal weakness in sopranos "

TYPHOON WRECKAGE IN THE ISLAND OF GUAM—AMERICA'S PACIFIC BASE HIT BY THE WORST STORM SINCE 1918: *Left*—**Children of the village of Inarajan seated amid the ruins of their home.** *Right*—**The village street on the morning after the disaster. Governor Carlton Skinner estimated that the damage to civilian property, exclusive of crop losses, was in the region of 1,600,000 dollars.** No estimate was made of the damage to military installations, which also were hard hit. The storm was said to have been the worst to hit Guam since 1918. With maximum winds of 145 miles an hour, the typhoon's centre passed only 40 miles south of Guam. Gusts of 125 miles an hour were recorded. There were no fatalities



AT THE END OF THE LONG MARCH—THE BUSHMAN ENCAMPMENT IN THE FORESTS OF BAROTSELAND WHICH WAS VISITED BY MEMBERS OF THE RHODES LIVINGSTONE MUSEUM'S EXPEDITION: The Bushmen use shelters very much like their Bantu neighbours, and mats provide effective windbreaks. The Bushmen move from place to place with considerable frequency

BUSHMEN OF

The Bushmen, the most primitive aboriginal race in South Africa, were once the sole human inhabitants of the southern part of the continent. Their southward path has been traced along the eastern tablelands of the continent, and they appear to have brought from North Africa, or even from Europe, the Paleolithic culture of Aurignacian man. These people, who differ vastly from the true Negro, are now reduced to a mere 26,000. In the Kalahari they are fairly numerous, but in Northern Rhodesia there are but a few scattered tribes. With a view to finding out more about these remaining tribes, the Rhodes Livingstone Museum decided to visit Barotseland, and the accompanying notes and pictures are a record of that journey to the sand and forest country between the Zambesi and Mashi Rivers in the southernmost corner of Northern Rhodesia. The members of the expedition were particularly interested to find out whether there remained any record of the magnificent naturalistic art practised by the ancestors of the Bushmen, an art which is to-day the wonder of artists and prehistorians alike. The expedition was planned for July, during the dry, cold season, when the Bushmen might be expected to be grouped round the pans and water-holes. The personnel consisted of Desmond Clark, Curator of the Rhodes Livingstone Museum, who has written the following narrative; Nigel Watt, who was to make as complete a photographic record as possible; Joseph Siantumbu, an African Museum assistant; and Jonas Luwenga, who was cook and general factotum.

WE planned to make Katima Mulilo our headquarters, some 160 miles up the Zambesi, on the territorial boundary with the Caprivi Zipfel of South-West Africa. The District Commissioner at Sesheke had arranged to try and locate the approximate position of the Bushmen for us.

The journey to Katima was hot and uneventful, and the roads were hardly to be compared with even a farm-track in England. After crossing the Chobe River by pontoon, the road, which was over soft sand, consisted of two irregular tracks that were kept constantly filled with cut grass, which thus enabled the wheels of the vanette to get a grip.

After leaving the main road, a few miles north of Katima Mulilo, our way led us down a forest track for some twenty-five miles to a Shanjo village, where we hoped to receive some word of the Bushmen from the messenger who had been sent out. Here indeed we were lucky, as we found the messenger had brought some of the Bushmen with him.

The Bushman camp turned out to be eighteen miles away, in the middle of the forest country. There was little to relieve the monotony of the walk (which we accomplished in some five hours), except for the occasional spoor or sight of an antelope, and we were very glad to get into camp, where our Shanjo carriers built us a grass shelter for sleeping quarters.

The Bushman encampment consisted of two small clearings in the forest, about 100 yards across, with a number of windbreaks formed by three or four grass mats which were arranged in a semi-circle and supported by two or three sticks and sometimes with one mat forming a roof covering. In these flimsy shelters the Bushmen lived and, when they moved,

THE BUSHMEN OF BAROTSELAND ARE NOT CAMERA-CONSCIOUS: Nigel Watt, a member of the Rhodes Livingstone Museum's expedition to Barotseland, taking a picture of young Bushmen while their elders looked on quite unconcernedly. These people had never seen a camera

BUSHMEN DANCING IN HONOUR OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE VISITORS: There is very little footwork in this performance, the animation being achieved by the shaking of shoulders and buttocks. All the dancers wear bunches of leaves, thus enhancing the effect of shaking shoulders

THE BAROTSE

An Expedition to the Primitive Bow and Arrow Men Between the Zambesi and Mashi Rivers

they had merely to roll up the mats and their house went with them.

In honour of our arrival the Bushmen had arranged a dance. Dances and games play a very important part in the life of the Bushmen, and although some dances are of a ritual nature, others are danced for pleasure, particularly when they are in a good humour. These were the dances that were now shown to us.

The majority of our Bushmen were more typical of the Northern group of Bushmen. They were taller than the Kalahari, or Southern Bushmen, and averaged just over 5 ft. for the men and just under 5 ft. for the women. Their skin was mainly a copper colour, though a few yellow and black examples were seen also. In other respects, in the almond eyes, the prominent cheekbones, the slender jaw, and the steatopyga (protrusion of the buttocks) in some of the women, they were fairly true representatives of the Bush physical type, though evidence of mixture with Bantu was also to be seen in some. Offset against this they still, for example, dressed largely in skins, the women always so; used tortoise-shells for food bowls, and had no knowledge of pot-making, blacksmithing or ironwork. This encampment had never before been visited by a European, and we were stared at in wonder and not a little trepidation, by two children who had not yet seen a white man.

The Bushmen speak a language of clicks which to the normal European and African are unintelligible, unless he has spent many years among the Bushmen and has a good head for languages. Fortunately for us, however, some of the Bushmen spoke a little Silozi, the language of the Barotse inhabitants of Barotseland, and we were able to speak with them through Joseph who acted as the expedition's interpreter.

Although their mode of life is changing, the Bushmen still live almost entirely on what the men manage to kill by hunting, and on the roots, nuts and edible fruits that the women collect. The hunting weapon is the bow and arrow.

PURCHASING OBJECTS BY BARTER FOR THE RHODES LIVINGSTONE MUSEUM: Desmond Clark, a member of the expedition, bargaining with the Bushmen

A YOUNG MOTHER: Across her breast is a carrying sling for her child. Babies are carried at the hip

In spite of their somewhat precarious means of existence, we saw no actual malnutrition among the Bushmen, though they were all thin. The children and most of the men looked particularly healthy. We put this down to the amount of meat they probably eat and the oils and vitamins they receive from certain nuts. The most important of these is the "Ngongu" nut, which has a very hard shell, but is very rich in oil.

The Bushmen make no pottery, and such pots as they use they obtain by barter with the tribes on the Mashi River. Their fire they make with fire-sticks, and of the three demonstrations we were given, two provided fire within thirty seconds. Wild honey forms a most important item in their diet. The men are skilful collectors, and trade the honey with the Bantu.

With the exception of salt, of iron (mainly for arrow-heads and adze blades), and pottery for cooking, which they obtain from the Bantu, the Bushmen are entirely self-supporting. The only imported material is a whetstone. There is practically no stone of any kind in Barotseland, and none at all between the Zambesi and the Mashi Rivers.

In all, we visited three groups of these Bushmen—two on the right bank of the Zambesi and one on the left. The collection we were able to make was a valuable one, and included every aspect of their material culture. When the time for our departure arrived, the specimens all had to be packed carefully for the return journey to Livingstone, and we were lucky in that we did not have to carry them back with us over the execrable roads in our heavily loaded vanette, but we were able to send them down to Livingstone by Zambesi River Transport. Every specimen arrived in good condition.

A BUSHMAN ABOUT TO RELEASE AN ARROW: The arrows, with leaf-shaped heads, are not poisonous. The poisoned variety have smaller heads

IT WAS A GREAT DAY FOR THE BUSHMEN WHEN DESMOND CLARK SHOT THEM AN ELAND BULL: Here four of the Bushmen are preparing to cut up the carcase. There being no system of cold storage in the heat of Barotseland, a kill of this kind is always followed by an orgy. Each person eats as much as he or she can hold

HOW MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION LIVED IN THE BAROTSE FORESTLAND: The Shanjo carriers preparing to pack equipment in the grass shelter. In the centre of the shelter were mosquito nets, a great necessity in this very dank river country

THE ORPHANS OF THE GINZA

Young Victims of the War Who Roam the Streets of Tokyo

Four years after the surrender, Tokyo's streets are lighted and gay again, full of well-dressed people; the shops, which once had very little to sell, are overflowing with merchandise of all kinds, while the areas destroyed by fires from air-raids are reconstructed with cheap but new buildings. Despite this, there are many, many young children and youths whose lot has not improved in the four years—they are still homeless, hungry and unhappy, without any parents or friends.

Officially, the Government states that there are only 133,504 registered orphans in the entire country. This may be only a handful compared to the unregistered orphans who are fortunate enough to have found a home with relatives or friends, and the less fortunate vast army of vagrants who infest parks and slums of the large metropolitan areas, living in dark underground passages or in makeshift shelters under elevated trains and bridges. One of the greatest eyesores and objects of pity in Tokyo to-day is these homeless, parentless children and youths roaming the streets.

There were, of course, orphans, and a great number of them, in pre-war Japan, but they were better cared for—either in orphanages or in the homes of some kind relative or benefactor.

But there have been many changes, both social and economic, which have had a detrimental effect on orphans.

The family system has been democratised, and the head of the family is no longer obliged to look after the welfare of his immediate family as well as all his relatives. On the other hand, he is not the sole inheritor of the family's estate, each child receiving share and share alike. Thus each family takes care of itself. The poor orphan may be a distant relative, but he no longer can count on that to find a home.

Under post-war laws, no welfare establishment can be operated by the Government to care directly for these unfortunate children. Instead, the Child Welfare Law allows the State to pay out a sum of yen 44·80 (about 3d. per day) for upkeep of orphans. This is not even enough for one meal. Large orphanages of pre-war days are in acute financial straits also, for the old-time benefactors are no longer able to do so, and the *nouveau riche* are not interested in the welfare of the poor and unfortunate as yet. Orphanages are in a disreputable state of dilapidation, with broken windows and torn mats, and many of them are not happy places for children to be in.

The lack of facilities and interest on the part of the country to take care of these orphans has been responsible for the astonishing number of crimes committed by minors. Ten years ago, while Japan was at war with China, there were 46,000 cases of crime; last year the number had increased to 250,000, and 50 per cent. of the total was committed by children and youths.

Gradually, the great need to give homes to the homeless has been brought to the attention of organisations of various kinds, and especially among the Christian workers, both the Allied and the Japanese. Many missionaries have built happy homes for the unhappy children and youths. The donations made by Japanese and Allied personnel to the Community Chest Fund have also helped these children. A great deal is being done, but much more remains to be done.

TYPICAL ORPHANS OF THE GINZA: These three children, aged nine, thirteen and fourteen, were very young when the war started. Their parents evacuated them to the country with relatives. Their parents died in the fires which followed the air-raids. Turned out by the relatives, they wandered back to Tokyo. They joined the large number of vagrants wandering around the busy streets of Tokyo. Pitying passers-by quite often give them cigarettes, candy or sweets or even money

PICKED UP BY THE POLICE: Yoneko (aged sixteen), dazzled by the bright lights of Tokyo, ran away from home and became a street-walker in the Ginza, Tokyo's Oxford Street. When this picture was taken she had just been arrested. On the left is a mute girl also arrested, the charge being vagrancy

ONE OF TOKYO'S "PAN-PAN" GIRLS: The easy money of the streets lures them to the brightly lit capital

SIX-YEAR-OLD KAZUOCHAN: This waif was found outside a cinema begging for money to buy food. He is typical of hundreds of ragged children who now roam the streets of Tokyo

"HAPPY" HAS A REPUTATION ON THE GINZA: This fifteen-year-old is a typical war orphan and a great favourite with the Americans. He says: "I am not like other vagrants. When I grow up I am going to have my own bookstall in Tokyo"

THE MID-DAY NAP AT TOKYO'S TOSHIMA DAY NURSERY: This nursery was built by the City of Tokyo in the slum districts. Wives whose husbands have either been killed in the war or air-raids have to support their families. They bring their children to this nursery about seven o'clock in the morning on their way to work, and take them home when they finish

THE GOOD ANGEL OF THE CENTRAL YOUTH HOUSE: Kawamura Reikichi, once a Buddhist priest, seen with some of his boys, for whom he provides accommodation. He has established a bicycle repair shop in order to help them to earn a livelihood

AT WORK AMID THE WILDERNESS OF ICE ON THE GREAT TAKU GLACIER IN ALASKA: Members of the Stanford Research Institute of California, who have been taking part in the American Geographical Society's Icefield project, seen engaged in measuring the depth of ice with their special seismic equipment. They charted ice thicknesses ranging from 400 ft. to well over 1,000 ft. The man nearest the camera is placing "a spread of geophones" some distance from the seismic equipment, which is seen on the sledge in the middle distance. The crevasses in the glacier are 100 ft. or more in depth. At this point the glacier is just over two miles wide

GLACIER STUDY IN ALASKA

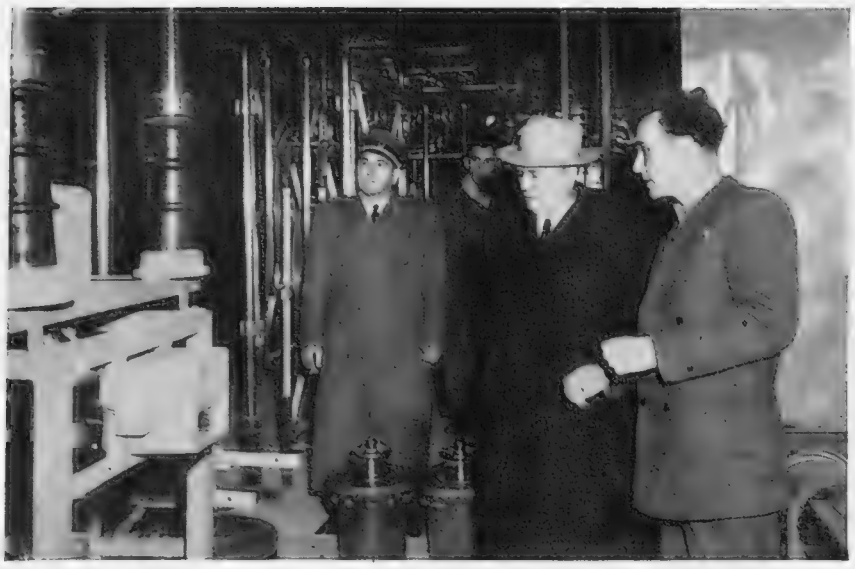
Measuring Ice Depths on the Great Taku Glacier

The United States is turning a great deal of attention these days to her once-neglected far northern domain, visualising perhaps the day when it may prove an outer bastion of her defence. During the present year the American Geographical Society has been continuing its study of the vast Juneau ice-field, and in particular of the Taku Glacier which carries the ice down to the sea from Juneau's 1,000 square miles. Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, Associate Director of the Stanford Research Institute, who was senior scientist of Byrd's second Antarctic Expedition, has been in charge of the work on the Taku Glacier and has returned to America with the first extensive seismic records on glacier-ice thicknesses. The fullest results were obtained on the lower reaches of Taku, where a smoother surface allowed of continuous recording. The party had immense natural difficulties to overcome.

HAULING SEISMIC EQUIPMENT UP THE GREAT TAKU GLACIER: Members of the Stanford Research Institute engaged on traversing one of the smoother sections of the glacier when moving to a new spot for taking readings of the glacier's depth. Taku Glacier extends 30 miles from the 1,000 square miles of the Juneau ice-field

TRAVELLING OVER THE DEEPLY-POCKED SURFACE OF THE GLACIER: Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, widely-known Polar scientist, walking on the Taku Glacier with an alpine ice axe and shoe crampons. On his back is a gasolene engine-driven battery charger, part of the very elaborate equipment used in the survey of the glacier's depth

ENCAMPED ON THE SAND AND MUD FLATS AT THE TERMINUS OF THE GLACIER: A member of the Stanford Research Institute expedition outside his tent after spending a week on the Taku glacier. He has spread his gear out to dry in the northern summer sun. He carries a great weight of equipment



MARSHAL TITO LOOKS OVER HIS NEW BROADCASTING STATION: The Yugoslavian leader seen on a visit behind the scenes at Radio Belgrade, which will soon add its voice to the Balkan war of words. With Marshal Tito are Colonel-General Ivan Gosnjak, a member of the Politburo and Chief of Political Affairs in the Yugoslav National Army, and on the right is the engineer-in-chief responsible for the broadcasting station

FRANCO HONOURS THE MEMORY OF PRIMO DE RIVERA, THE FOUNDER OF THE FALANGE: Wearing a beret, part of his uniform as National Chief of the Falangist Party, the Generalissimo arrived in the courtyard of the Escurial, where he was greeted by Foreign Minister Alberto Martin Artajo at the start of the ceremonies commemorating the thirteenth anniversary of the death of Don Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera. De Rivera, a son of Miguel Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator in the '20's, was shot by Republicans in Alicante during the Civil War

TITO FRANCO CARMONA CHANIS

Some World Manifestations of National Leadership

Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Marshal Carmona gathered in Lisbon to honour the head of the family. Marshal Carmona was born on November 24, 1869, and he became Provisional President of Portugal on November 29, 1926. He was first elected President in March 1928. It was in March 1933 that he implemented the new constitution which made Portugal what is known as "a unitary and corporative Republic." This constitution provides, among other things, for a President to be elected for a term of seven years, by Portuguese citizens able to read or write, and by those unable to read or write who are yet direct tax-payers. The President was re-elected in 1935, 1942 and 1949.

MARSHAL CARMONA CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY AND HIS TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF OFFICE: Portugal's aged dictator seen surrounded by members of his family when he entertained them at a party in Lisbon

PANAMA'S POLITICAL PANDEMONIUM—THE PRESIDENT WHO WAS THROWN OUT RETURNS TO ASSERT HIS AUTHORITY: *Left*—Members of the Presidential Guard who turned back a student mob which stormed the Palace when Dr. Chanis, who had resigned under police pressure a few days before, returned to assert his rights. *Right*—Dr. Chanis extending his hand to followers after his return to the Palace. The return was short-lived, however, Dr. Arias seizing the Presidency

When President Danile Chanis of Panama recently decided that his Chief of Police must go because of a Press outcry against police dishonesty in the control of bus-line operations and slaughterhouses, he courted disaster. The Chief of Police, Colonel Jose Remon, strong man of every Panama administration since 1946, took high-handed action. The police took over in every corner of Panama City, and Chanis was forced to resign, Remon's second cousin, Vice-President Chiari, being sworn in as the new President. Dr. Chanis meanwhile appealed for public support, and got it. He also received the support of the Supreme Court, which refused to acknowledge Chiari and proclaimed that Chanis was still President. Colonel Remon, again taking firm hold of the situation, put down the pro-Chanis riots in Panama and, in due course, nominated Dr. Arnulfo Arias as the new President. The nomination was duly rendered "valid" by police guards, and Dr. Chanis fled across the border into the American Zone, accompanied by two other former Presidents of the Republic, Señores Jiminez and Ricardo de la Guardia

PRESIDENT GOTTWALD OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA RECEIVES GIFTS FROM RUSSIA : The President is seen (left) examining textiles which were brought back to Prague for him by 300 Czechoslovakian farmers who recently made an official tour of Russia and saw the work of the collective farms. Soon after their return the members of the delegation were received by Mr. Julius Duris, the Minister of Agriculture

A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM THE AUSTRIAN PEOPLE TO GENERALISSIMO STALIN : Citizens of Vienna examining the writing-table and set of chairs forming part of the magnificent suite made by Austrian craftsmen, and which will be sent to the Generalissimo for his birthday on December 21. The gift also includes a bookcase, a conference table, and a radio table

NEWS from the COMMUNIST WORLD

Gifts for Gottwald and Gifts for Stalin : British Communists Meet in Liverpool : Life in Chemnitz

"OUR GREATEST HOUR IS APPROACHING" : A general view of the Communist Party Congress in session in the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, where over 400 delegates engaged in a solemn pledge to make the forthcoming General Election "the greatest fight in which our party has ever engaged." The Communists are hoping to run 100 Parliamentary candidates. Above the platform was a banner inscribed with the words, "The Socialist Road to Fight the Slump. Raise Wages. Cut Forces." Above this was a portrait of Generalissimo Stalin

IN CHEMNITZ TO-DAY : A long line of citizens waiting for their rations outside a building in the once prosperous Saxon city, where there has been much hardship under the Soviet regime. This picture, and those reproduced below, were smuggled out of the Soviet Zone. Communists in Chemnitz are much better fed than those outside the party

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE SOVIET ZONE OF GERMANY—TWO PICTURES FROM THE SAXON TOWN OF CHEMNITZ, ONCE A THRIVING CENTRE OF GERMAN ARMAMENT PRODUCTION : *Left*—A Soviet poster exhorting citizens to "Produce more and live better." *Right*—Members of the People's Police parading through the streets behind their Red banner. The police are fully-armed and are under Red Army control. Chemnitz has been slow to recover from the war. After the Russians took over, its vast factories were stripped of machinery. It was once famed for its bleaching and dyeing industries and its chemical works

MOOR PARK and OSTERLEY

TWO FAMED ESTATES, ONE DESTINED FOR CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, ONE FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST

MOOR PARK TO BECOME A COLLEGE FOR CHRISTIAN EDUCATION: This celebrated Surrey mansion, the home of Sir William Temple and his secretary, Jonathan Swift, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, has been reprieved from demolition, and a fortnight ago it was officially announced that it was to become Moor Park College for Adult Christian Education

In August 1948 an appeal was launched for the preservation of Moor Park when it became known that the owners of this historic Surrey mansion had applied to the local council for a demolition order, in view of the place's disrepair. Many people urged the claims of the house and grounds to preservation, not least because it was there that Sir William Temple spent the years of his retirement with his beloved Dorothy Osborne (the writer of some of the most exquisite love-letters in the English language), and it was there, too, that Jonathan Swift produced some of his finest work during his period as Sir William's secretary. The news that the house is to be preserved has given general satisfaction, and the fact that it will now become the first of a chain of colleges for adult Christian education is no less welcome. The warden and chairman of the executive committee of the new Moor Park College is Canon R. E. Parsons, formerly Secretary of the Churches' Committee for Religious Education among men in the forces. At Moor Park he is organising courses for clergy and laity.

THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE ABOVE THE ENTRANCE TO MOOR PARK: The arms are a reminder of the spacious days when the great diplomat, who was also writer of no mean achievement, entertained the celebrities of the late seventeenth century at his Surrey mansion. King William III, Addison and Steele were among the many who enjoyed Sir William's hospitality

THE FIRST OF WHAT MAY BE A CHAIN OF COLLEGES FOR ADULT CHRISTIAN EDUCATION: This is another exterior view of Moor Park. To save the house from demolition a sum of £14,500 had to be paid down. Repairs will require another £12,500

THE ROOM AT MOOR PARK WHERE JONATHAN SWIFT, SECRETARY TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, ENGAGED ON HIS LITERARY LABOURS: While living there Swift wrote both "The Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books," and it was there, too, that he met his beloved Stella. Jonathan Swift joined Sir William Temple at Moor Park in 1684, and remained with him for approximately four years

THE CLOCK TOWER AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STABLE-YARD AT MOOR PARK: The tower is not one of the antiquities of the place. It bears the date 1890. £60,000 will be needed to equip and endow Moor Park College for adult Christian education, and a further £4,000 is needed as capital for running the 60 acres of farmland and market garden comprising the estate. The Moor Park committee is appealing for a total sum of £100,000

OSTERLEY PARK FOR THE NATION—THE MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY OF THE MANSION AS IT WAS IN ITS HEYDAY: The National Trust has lately announced the acceptance of Lord Jersey's gift of the house and 140 acres of land. At the same time the Victoria and Albert Museum has bought from Lord Jersey the furniture and furnishings

In 1946 Lord Jersey made an offer of the house, gardens and park of Osterley, his estate near the Great West Road, and a plan was put forward whereby Middlesex County Council and other councils were to have borne the cost of upkeep. In 1947 the Middlesex County Council was unwilling to complete the agreement. Now at long last agreement has been reached. It is understood that the Government is to pay £120,500 for the contents of Osterley, and the administration of the entire property will be transferred to the Ministry of Works. After the necessary alterations the house will be opened as a public museum. The name Osterley, originally spelt Austerley, signifies "western meadow." The property was formerly part of Hounslow Heath, and at the close of the reign of Henry III, in 1272, it is said that the woods at Osterley were the resort of wild cattle, lawless men and fugitive villains. In 1562 the Manor of Osterley was purchased by Sir Thomas Gresham, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, who erected an "agreeable edifice" which was built of brick and described as "large, convenient and thoroughly finished." The present stables to the north of the house date from this period, and will have formed some part of Sir Thomas's house, in which he entertained the Queen. It was not until 1577 that the house was finished. After the Chancellor's death, Lady Gresham continued to live at Osterley, but we are told no sooner had she gone than "this fine seat began to fall into decay." In 1711 the property was bought by Sir Francis Child, the banker and City magnate, and it was one of his descendants, Francis Child, who employed Sir William Chambers in building operations. Child engaged the fashionable young architect Robert Adam, who in twenty years transformed Osterley into a palace and a unified work of art. Two years after Adam's engagement Francis Child died, but his brother and heir, Robert (1739-1782), saw to the completion of the operations. Robert Child had one daughter, Sarah, who in 1782 eloped to Gretna Green with John 10th Earl of Westmorland. The couple were soon forgiven, and their eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Fane, eventually inherited Osterley. She married in 1804 Viscount Villiers, who succeeded as 5th Earl of Jersey, and his heirs have owned the place until the present day.

***Below*—THE MAIN FAÇADE OF OSTERLEY:** A frontal view of the great mansion, which has now passed into the hands of the people. Osterley Park has been the home of the Earls of Jersey for more than a century

ARTISTS OF TO-DAY

Painters and Sculptors Who are in the News

SALVADOR DALI IN ROME: The Spanish-born painter, who has recently renounced surrealism, leaves his hotel with a painting of the "Immaculate Conception." The celebrated artist has said that he has been converted to Catholic ideals, and that he will paint in the classical tradition in the future. His "Immaculate Conception" picture has been shown to the Pope. He has turned from surrealism to religious painting because "It goes deeper than modern art"

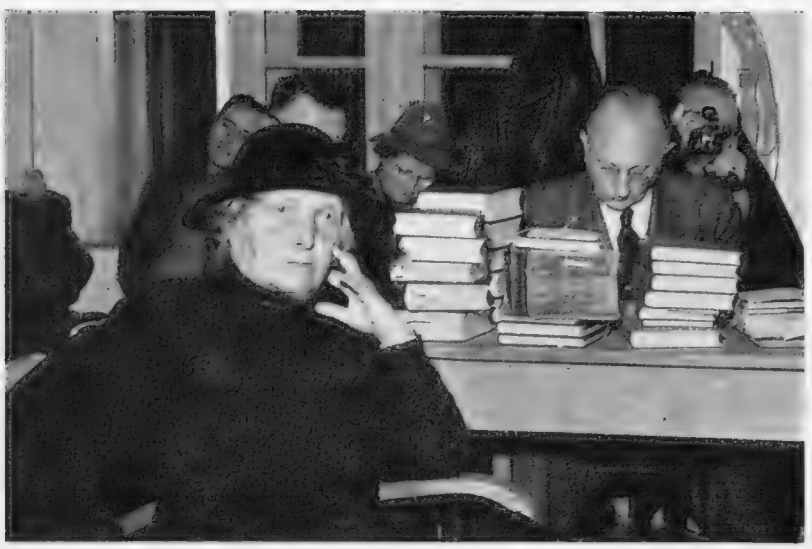
A ROYAL PORTRAIT FOR THE GRENADIER GUARDS: Commander Denis Fildes looks at his notes for the portrait of Princess Elizabeth, which may be seen on the easel on the left in his studio at Antrobus House, near Salisbury. The first sittings for the painting, which has been made for the regiment of which Princess Elizabeth is Colonel-in-Chief, were at Buckingham Palace, but the portrait was finished at Antrobus House. In it, the Princess wears a cream satin evening dress with the blue sash of the Order of the Garter. This is the third Royal portrait by Commander Fildes. The other two were of the King

MODELLING IN A LONDON MEWS: Eddie Togneri and his workmen carry on the craft, brought from Italy by his grandfather, Baldachi. The original workshop produced religious statuary, now Togneri does a steady business in models for advertising display. The studio, in a mews near Euston, has retained much of its original character, with stables and a wheelwright's shop

MODERN SCULPTURE AT THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES: Mr. Frank Dobson with his terracotta group "Fisher Girls," and the drawing from which the finished work was planned. The latest exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists provides several examples of these original sketches, together with the finished models, to give some idea of how the sculptor works. Two celebrated modern sculptors—Frank Dobson and Henry Moore—have sent seated figures which by chance are of the same size and in almost identical poses. These, with the accompanying sketches, make an interesting comparison

AUSTRALIAN ARTISTS PAINT PANELS FOR A NEW LINER: Mr. Leonard Green with "Kangaroo," a decorative panel for the "New Australia." The Australian artist John S. Loxton, who came to this country to paint and study, was asked by the Shaw Savill and Albion Shipping Company and John Thornycroft of Southampton to paint eleven pictures of Australian landscapes and decorative panels, for the new all-migrant liner *New Australia*, which will sail in the spring. Mr. Loxton, unable to finish the pictures in the time, called in the services of a fellow-Australian artist, Mr. Leonard Green, and between them they have completed the order and the pictures are now on exhibition at Australia House

1. RENI REIFENSTAHL GOES TO LAW



2. FRAU LUDENDORFF'S DENAZIFICATION : The General's widow in a Bavarian court

3. SCOURGE OF BREENDONCK, ADOLF SCHMITT

4. SACHA GUITRY TAKES HIS FIFTH BRIDE

PEOPLE: SOME PERSONALITIES IN THE WORLD'S NEWS

1, 2 and 3. GERMANS IN THE DOCK AND IN THE WITNESS-BOX : Reni Reifenstahl, film actress, film producer and once known as Hitler's "perfect woman," has been testifying in court at Munich, where she has brought a lawsuit against a magazine which accused her of using inmates of the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp for her film *Tiefland*. Leni Reifenstahl's greatest triumph during the Hitler regime was her spectacular film of the Olympiad. Frau Karoline Ludendorff has also been in the Munich courts, where she has been facing denazification. She based her defence on the fact that her role in recent years has been that of religious philosopher. It was in Munich that her husband, the late General Ludendorff, marched in Hitler's abortive putsch in the '20's. Meanwhile, in Belgium, Adolf Schmitt, commandant of the notorious Breendonck Camp, has been sentenced to death by a Military Court after being found guilty of the murder of ninety-three camp inmates. His trial lasted three months, and at the close police had a hard battle to keep the condemned man from the hands of a mob consisting largely of relatives of men in the Belgian Resistance who died at the hands of Schmitt and his henchmen.

4. SACHA GUITRY WEDS AGAIN : The sixty-five-year-old French actor and playwright was recently married in St. Etienne to Lana Marconi, a beautiful twenty-six-year-old Rumanian actress who has appeared with him in recent plays and films. The marriage took place in the Greek Orthodox Church, and with this marriage M. Guitry would seem to have settled an old account. Many years ago Lana Marconi's mother, a Rumanian actress of startling beauty, is said to have refused the hand of Guitry. Now, he says jokingly, he has his revenge. Guitry's previous wives, all actresses, were: 1907, Charlotte Lyses; 1919, Yvonne Printemps; 1935, Jacqueline Delubac; 1939, Genevieve de Sereville.

5. LOUIS JOHNSON IN LONDON : America's Secretary of Defence, a cheerful figure despite all the cares of unification and the problems of dealing with recalcitrant naval officers, addressed a Press conference soon after his arrival in London and told his audience that in his opinion the danger of war had lessened to some extent. The United States, he said, was ready, however, for any eventuality "at four o'clock in the morning," and would not be lulled into any sense of false security. Mr. Johnson was asked about reports that Western Germany was to be rearmed, but replied that there was no such plan.

6. THE CRUSADE OF MICHAEL SCOTT: In this year of grace 1949 Black Africa speaks with a white voice in the person of the Rev. Michael Scott, who last week won the right to a hearing before the Trusteeship Committee of the United Nations at Lake Success. Before he won the right to deliver his indictment of the Malan Government's treatment of the coloured races, there was a formidable barrage of opposition. After Dr. Scott had given his evidence, much of which concerned the plight of the natives in the shanty towns of the gold-mining area, it was decided by the Trusteeship Committee to seek the opinion of the International Court of Justice at The Hague. To The Hague will go a full copy of Scott's petition and speech. As a result, it is possible that South Africa's policies and actions will be referred to the Security Council of the United Nations.

7. VASLAV NIJINSKY AT A CHRISTENING : The celebrated Russian dancer, who has been much in the news of late as a result of trouble arising from the gala ballet performances held in his honour, recently visited the studio of the Legat School at Tunbridge Wells, where he acted as godfather at the christening of the baby daughter of John Gregory and Barbara Vernon. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Sava according to the rights of the Russian Orthodox Church.

8. LILIENTHAL LEAVES : Towards the end of November the White House announced that David E. Lilienthal, first Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and perhaps the most controversial figure in Washington since the end of the war, had resigned his office. Mr. Lilienthal is not only remembered as a pioneer of the civilian control phase of America's atomic programme, but also as one of the pioneers of the much-disputed Tennessee Valley Authority. Mr. Truman, who paid Mr. Lilienthal a glowing tribute on his departure, declared that he had served long in tough pioneering jobs, "always under tremendous pressure and often under destructive criticism."

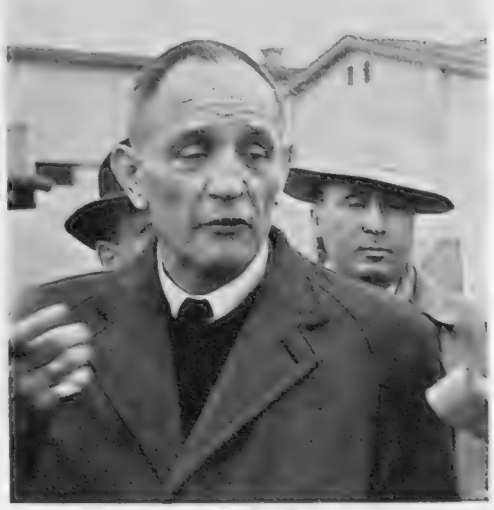
9. THE RETURN OF PASTOR MARTIN NIEMOLLER : The former U-boat commander, who is now President of the Evangelical Church in Germany, recently arrived at Rhine Main Airport after a three-months oversea tour which has taken him, among other places, to Australia and New Zealand. While abroad he conferred with many Protestant leaders.

5. MR. SECRETARY JOHNSON COMES TO LONDON

6. MICHAEL SCOTT PLEADS THE BLACK CAUSE

7. VASLAV NIJINSKY IN A GODFATHER'S ROLE

8. LILIENTHAL'S GOOD-BYE : The Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission with his wife



9. PASTOR NIEMOLLER BACK FROM AUSTRALIA

THREE YEARS UNDER THE BLUE FLAG OF N.C.B.

What Nationalisation Has Meant to the Miners

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN the next few days the coal industry will have been under nationalisation for three years; for it was on January 1, 1947, that the blue flag of the National Coal Board was first flown proudly at the masthead of every pit in the country with the exception of the 400 or 500 one-horse collieries which the Government did not think worth while commandeering.

What is the record of the National Coal Board? The answer is that the saleable output of coal (excluding open-cast) has dropped from 227,000,000 tons in 1938 to 203,000,000 tons this year. True, the saleable output in 1946 was only 181,000,000 tons, but, owing to conscription, there were only 697,000 men available, compared with 782,000 in 1938. Output per man-shift at the coal face is apparently the same as it was in 1938—3 tons. This is, however, a very misleading figure. In 1938 the man at the coal face was probably working on an average five and a half shifts. To-day, on an average he works four.

The figure that really matters is the average amount of coal produced per miner per annum. In 1938 it was over 301 tons per annum. To-day it is 273. Not only that; the amount of incombustible rubbish sold as coal to-day is such a high percentage that the N.C.B. refuses to divulge it. I know this, however: when I was in Dublin last year, my taxi-driver pointed to a couple of coal dumps in Phœnix Park—one of American coal and one of British coal—and told me that though the American coal cost £1 per ton more, it was cheaper in the long run because there was so much slate in the English coal.

Another interesting statistic is that, whereas absenteeism in 1938, when the coal-mines were in private ownership, was 6·5 per cent., it is to-day 12·5 per cent. There are, of course, various reasons for this. But the chief one is that there is no inducement for a coal-miner to save money if he belongs to a Welfare State. As for current purchases, even miners cannot buy steaks or houses, the tax on the totalisator has very considerably reduced their interest in dog-racing, and though there is more to buy in the shops than during the war, so many things have so high a purchase tax clamped on to them that there is little inducement to save money except for "investing" in football pools. The stark problem has therefore presented itself—what is more valuable than leisure?

Coal-miners in the Midlands can earn up to £25 a week for a five-day week, and many do. This is admittedly not the case in the majority of coalfields, but the astonishing rate of one absentee per eight men, as an average rule, suggests that even in the less fortunate districts, coal-miners are earning as much as they want. Nor is this surprising. Shift wages (excluding allowances) have jumped from 11s. 3d. in 1938 to 23s. 11d. in 1946 and 32s. 8d. to-day; and Scottish miners are now demanding still more.

Many people will recall that the miners' leaders claimed that, as soon as the coal-mines became national property, all the grievances of the past would disappear, and that the men would work like billy-o. What the miners' leaders did not explain to the miners, really, was that the mines would in future belong to the nation and not to the miners. In this connection, the National Coal Board is doing excellent service in trying to persuade the miners that they are primarily citizens and only secondarily miners. And it is hoped that, within a number of years, their efforts will meet with success.

In the meantime, the vast majority of miners still seem to be haunted not only by memories of the past—and there is no doubt that some of the smaller colliery proprietors were both unprogressive and callous—but also by the fear that atomic power, properly harnessed, may deprive many of them of their livelihood. What they do not seem to realise is that the commercial use of atomic power is being studied and planned at full pressure simply because not enough coal power is made available by the miners.

Coal-miners do, however, have a grievance in common with agricultural labourers. A "ring fence" has been put around their industry. In other words, once a man over the age of eighteen has elected to become a miner, or is one already, he has to stick to his trade, even though he moves from one pit to another. The weakness of this ruling is that many a youngster, before he reaches his eighteenth birthday, is not entirely sure that he wants to earn his livelihood underground. If the age limit were raised to twenty-one, he would still be young enough to switch to another trade if he disliked coal-mining. There has been some talk at high level between the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Fuel and Power about withdrawing this restriction on coal-miners altogether. It is argued by the coal industry that while the removal of the "ring fence" would enable a number of men to give up coal-mining, those that did so would be the undesirables who are more trouble than they are worth. Already, a handful of perpetual absentees are thrown out of the industry, while the names of those who are very frequently absent are posted on a board at the pit-head where they allegedly work, a proceeding very much in line with Russian industrial practice.

Among the labour force of 710,000 miners, 8,000 are Poles, who worked exceedingly hard at the start, but have since been encouraged to go slower by their British colleagues. Each miner's household, by the by, is entitled to 10 tons of "free" coal per annum—a total of not less than 5,000,000 tons per year. In certain areas, new miners' houses have been equipped with the latest grates, which save a considerable amount of fuel. I am told, on the highest authority, that on many occasions the bars of the grates have been kicked in because the miners find they cannot use up their 10 tons of coal otherwise.

PETTICOAT LANE-ON-TYNE: This is an every Sunday scene on the quaysides at Newcastle, where a variegated assortment of stalls and sideshows is invariably a popular attraction among Tynesiders. The origin of the market is obscure, but it is certainly a very old-established institution

SOUTHERN ENGLAND'S NEW POWER STATION: After two years' work the station at Poole is beginning to take shape. It is being built on land reclaimed from the harbour and will be the largest plant of its kind in the southern region of the British Electricity Authority. The whole station should be completed by the end of 1951. The first section will have started up by the end of 1950, and will be contributing towards the grid

But what about the shareholders of the 800 collieries which were nationalised? The answer is that, by the award of the Lord Green Tribunal, £164,600,000 was fixed for the purchase of the collieries, and a further sum of about £100,000,000 was to be paid for other fixed assets. So far, £30,000,000 has been paid on the latter account for wagons, stocks and stores, and £12,500,000 was to be paid as dividends per annum until the global sum of £164,600,000 could be partitioned among the shareholders of the various collieries involved. This £12,500,000 represents half of the pre-war profits and gains of the various coal-mines, but a Bill is now in the House of Lords to reduce it to one-third. At the present rate of payment it looks as if the shareholders will not be paid out in full before the turn of the century. In the meantime, the Government theory that the whole matter would be very largely settled within two years after nationalisation has proved to be slightly optimistic. Possibly by 1951, however, the shareholders will receive National Coal Bonds paying 2½ or 3 per cent. in return for their previous holdings in the collieries.

At the headquarters of the National Coal Board at Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, I was assured that the miners are somewhat more content than they were before nationalisation. To judge by the national Press, however, there seems to be a growing volume of resentment among the miners that members of the Coal Board (many of whom have never been down a mine) should receive £5,000 a year, and the Chairman, Lord Hyndley, should receive £8,500 a year. Left-wing miners consider that £1,000 a year should be ample for them.

A few uncorrelated items are that, since nationalisation, coal has increased smartly by 6s. 6d. a ton, and that by the end of this year the National Coal Board hopes to be able to show a paper profit of £12,000,000. The week before Christmas is always the highest in the year, because the miners like to increase their wage-packets over the holidays—an increase which proves what they could do more often during the year if they had a mind to it. Technically, miners work a five-day week, but are paid for six days if they work five. They are also paid time and a half on Saturdays. In spite of this inducement, there are several collieries where miners do not work at all on Saturday morning. At some they work alternate Saturday mornings, or one Saturday in three weeks. A few, however, do work regularly every Saturday morning. Unfortunately, the absence of a handful of workers at the coal face on a Saturday morning will mean no jobs for other employees who, nevertheless, do turn up.

Nearly a quarter of the men employed in the coal industry work on the surface. They are concerned mainly with the screening of coal into various sizes and with the removal of incombustible material. Out of the total cost of £445,000,000 for producing nearly 200,000,000 tons of deep-mined saleable coal in 1948, the wages amounted to £276,000,000, nearly two-thirds of the total. The amount of coal cut by machinery in this country has risen from 22 per cent. in 1927 to 75 per cent. to-day. As for the mechanical screening of coal, it is hoped that this percentage will rise from 50 per cent. to 70 per cent. in the next ten years. All these facts and figures refer to what is known as deep-mined coal as opposed to open-cast and drift-mine production, which are in a separate category.

Last year, 12,000,000 tons of open-cast coal were produced. Open-cast coal had a bad name at the start owing to the lack of screening. It is also very expensive because, in Great Britain, the land is put back and drained after the coal is extracted. In the U.S. they leave it just as it is. The winning of this coal is done by contract with big firms like Sir Lindsay Parkinson, who use bull-dozers and tractors for the work. It is thought, however, that open-cast coal will start to dwindle after 1951.

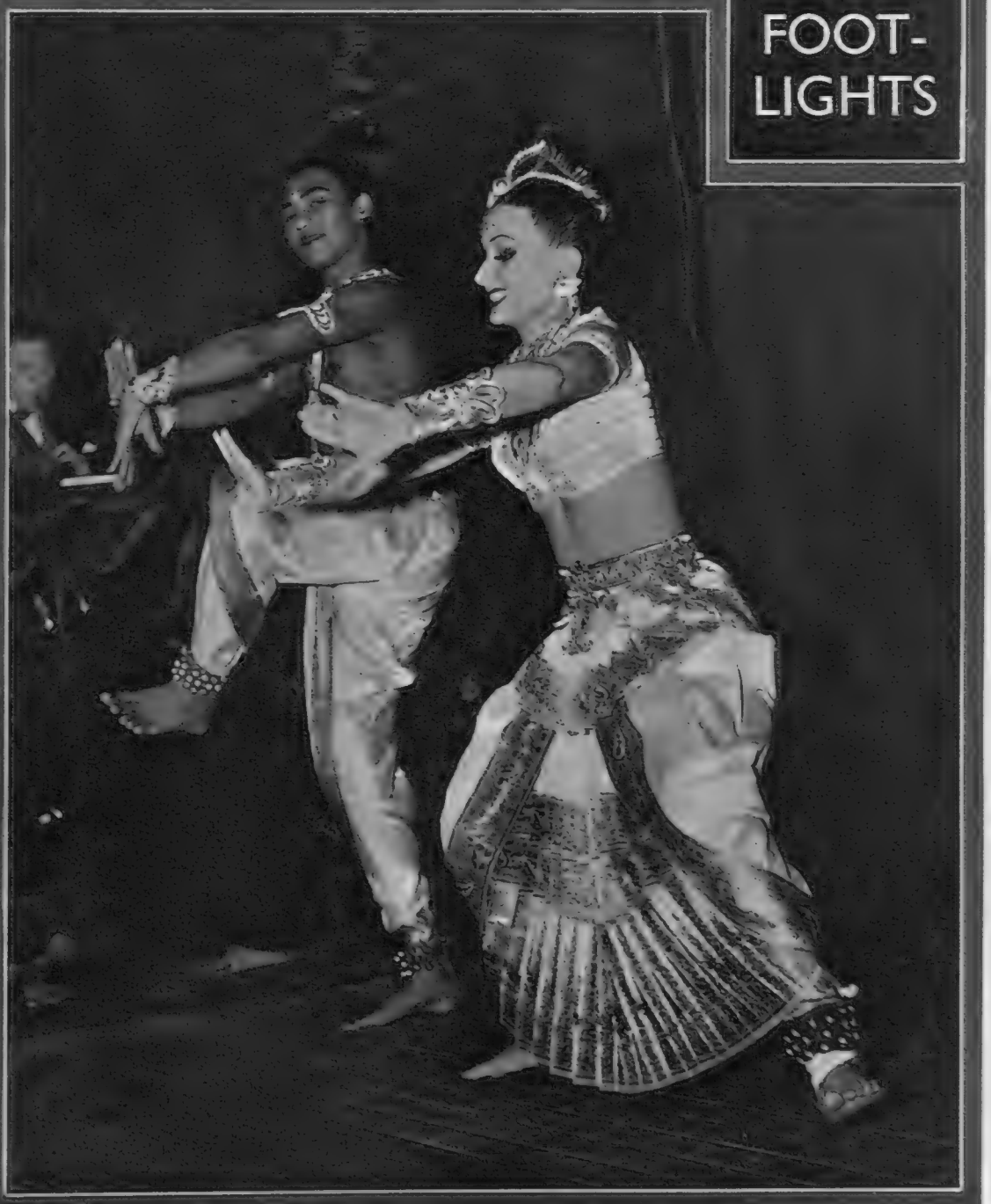
Reverting to the ordinary mines, fluorescent lighting has been put into eight different coal pits, and would be a great success if it were not for the perpetual argument among the miners as to who is to be paid for installing it and moving it forward after each shift. Even the Colliery Consultative Committees whose job it is to improve production and look after the health and eyesight of the miners seem unable to find a happy solution to what would otherwise be a splendid improvement specifically aimed to benefit the miners in their arduous labours.

The general position, therefore, is that after three years of nationalisation, miners are slightly less discontented, but by no means contented. They regard themselves as forgotten men or as slaves of modern society. It is very difficult indeed to please them, but it is still more difficult to control them now that wages are high and there is no queue of volunteers to take the place of idle men who, in the old days, would have been sacked for incompetence or absenteeism.

SIDE-LIGHTS on the FOOT-LIGHTS

LUISE RAINER REHEARSES FOR TELEVISION : On the left is Harold Clayton, who produced the television version of "By Candlelight," and right is Clive Morton, who played the part of Baron Egon Von Felson. The famous Viennese-born star of stage and film rejected an American television contract to visit England and play the maid Elizabeth before the B.B.C. television cameras at Alexandra Palace. Miss Rainer last appeared in England when she played Françoise in *Behold the Bride* at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1939

A NEW THEATRE FOR THE R.A.D.A. : Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, discusses the model of the new stage with R.A.D.A. instructors Wilfrid Walter, Mary Phillips and Nell Carter. The new theatre, which will cost approximately £70,000, will replace the old one which was destroyed in an air raid eight years ago. It will stand on the original site adjoining the present building in Gower Street, Bloomsbury, and is expected to be completed by the middle of next year



THE TWO HERMIONES : Baddeley and Gingold appear together in a double bill of Noel Coward revivals at the Ambassadors Theatre. Clapham and Mayfair are the settings for the two plays—*Fumed Oak*, the story of the suburban worm who turned, which was first produced in 1935, and *Fallen Angels*, which was written when Coward was twenty-five years old and is in his early manner

AN EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY : A. E. Matthews (centre), with F. A. Cook and Raymond Massey at the party given for the veteran actor in New York by the Shubert brothers. Mr. Matthews has repeated his London success in the Broadway production of *The Chiltern Hundreds*, which is renamed *Yes, M'Lord*. Lee and J. J. Shubert invited 300 people to the party—nearly 500 arrived

INDIAN DANCERS IN LONDON : Mirabai and Krishna performing a traditional Vishwamitra and Menaka dance at the Imperial Institute Film Theatre in South Kensington, during an exhibition of classical Indian dances. The lovely Hindu dancer, Mirabai, dances barefooted and with bells round her ankles. She has studied under several great teachers. London audiences have had another opportunity to study Indian dancing this week with Uday Shankar's performances at the Piccadilly Theatre, where the famous dancer introduced his new star, Amala, before going on to New York for a season there

THE RESEARCH SHIP "SIR LANCELOT," IN WHICH MEMBERS OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES' RESEARCH LABORATORY GO TO SEA: "Sir Lancelot," equipped both as a working trawler and as a floating laboratory, is one of four vessels engaged in this vital work. Echo-sounders are used to locate the shoals, and it is possible to tell almost at a glance not only the size of the shoals, but the kind of fish in them. One section of the laboratory concentrates on the study of plankton, the minute animal and vegetable organisms which drift on the currents of the sea and provide the fish with the means of existence. Where the plankton are, there the fish may well be. The reports and forecasts forwarded by the Ministry prove remarkably accurate, and our fishermen are coming to place much reliance on them

THE SCIENTISTS GO TO SEA

To Help the Fishermen Find the Shoals

Successful deep-sea fishing is a highly-skilled as well as an extremely arduous business. In spite of a lifetime's experience and that extraordinary sixth sense which seems to enable trawler skippers to smell out shoals of fish, there has in the past always been quite a large percentage of luck in the game.

Now that element of luck is being largely eliminated by the work of the scientists of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries who, by studying the temperature of the sea, the presence of animal organisms in the sea, and other factors are able to determine more or less where and when the fisherman can expect to make a big haul. The echo-sounder, which has been employed for some time past as an aid to navigation, is proving particularly useful in the location of shoals, saving the fishing fleets a great deal of laborious "tacking" to and fro. The Hughes Recorder Echo-sounder, one of the instruments now in general use, records faithfully depths of over 500 fathoms. When echoes from the instrument are in part interrupted on their way to the sea-bed and on their return to the ship, it is possible to assess at a glance the depth of the interruption. That interruption may well prove to be a monster shoal, and no time is lost by the research vessels in transmitting the news

BELOW DECKS IN THE "SIR LANCELOT" THE PLANKTON ARE FILTERED OUT: The minute organisms recovered from the sea-bed by the instruments of the research vessel are prepared for examination

TAKING SAMPLES FROM THE SEA: The Hansen Peterson water-bottle seen in the foreground of the picture is used for taking samples of sea-water. The buoy-shaped Hensen net in the background is employed for catching plankton, the minute organisms on which the fish depend for food

A PLAICE CARRIES ITS LIFE HISTORY IN ITS EARS: A scientist in the fishery research vessel "Sir Lancelot" removing ear-stones (known as otoliths), which indicate the age of the fish and its development

YOUNG FISH ARE PICKED OUT FOR BIOLOGICAL EXAMINATION: The biologist working in the "Sir Lancelot," examines each new haul which is taken from the ocean depths

IT HOLDS 1,000,000 EELS—A REMARKABLE CRAFT AT ITS MOORINGS IN THE HEYBRIDGE BASIN, MALDEN, ESSEX: Believed to be the first of its kind ever to be built in this country, and certainly the first of this particular design, the eel barge "Johan" is literally a ship full of holes. The centre part of the barge is perforated so that water can be allowed to flow freely into it. Watertight compartments support the barge, fore and aft, and the deck is no more than 18 ins. above water-level. The owner is Mr. H. G. Kuitjen, an importer of live eels. The eels are brought by boat from the Continent. They usually arrive in greatest numbers in the autumn, and are graded by size into separate compartments. From the barge they are packed into wet boxes for dispatch to Billingsgate, as and when required. It is estimated that the barge will hold 120,000 lb. of live eels. Floating beside the barge are containers for eels which have already been graded and are ready for sending to market

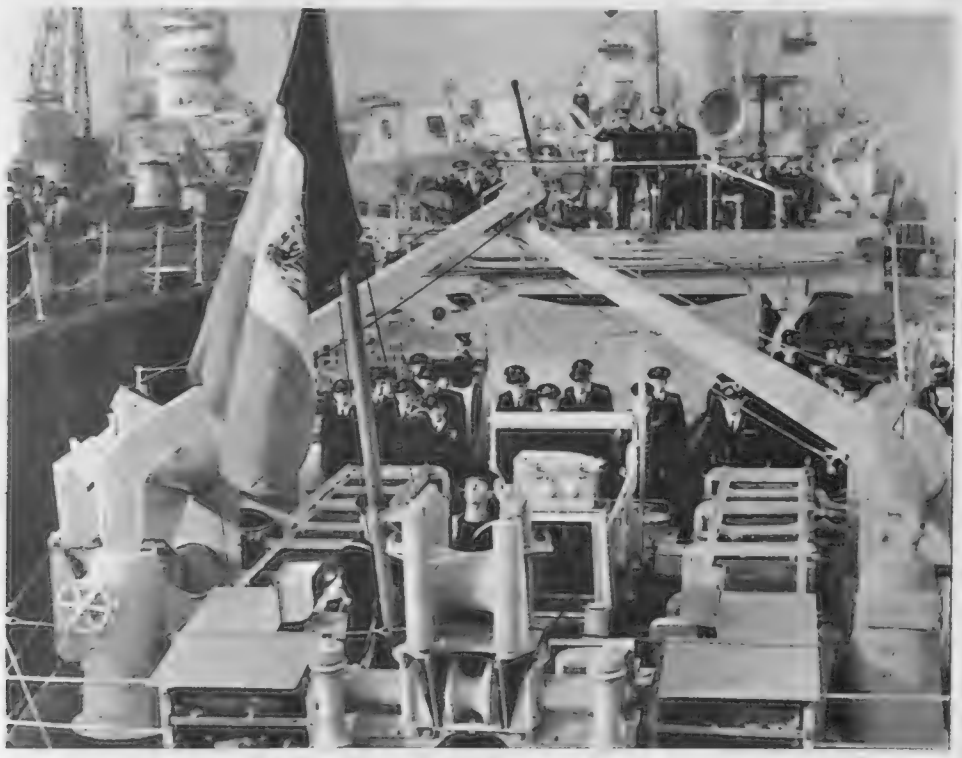
LIFE ABOARD THE EEL BARGE—PREPARING THE CATCH FOR MARKET: In specially floating containers beside Mr. Kuitjen's eel barge at Malden eels of a given size and quality are stored immediately before dispatch to Billingsgate. In the picture *on the left* the graded eels are seen slithering into the container. *On right*—Expert eel men engaged in the grading processes. Most of our supplies come from Holland and Denmark, but some of those at Malden come from as far south as Corsica

WORLD TRADE UNIONISTS AND PAN-EUROPEANS MEET IN LONDON

And Other Aspects of the Home News in Pictures

THREE PROTAGONISTS OF A UNITED EUROPE: M. Paul Henri Spaak, former Prime Minister of Belgium, Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Winston Churchill seated together at the meeting in Kingsway Hall, London, organised by the United Kingdom Council of the European Movement. M. Spaak is at present President of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe. He spoke first in French and then in English, emphasising the vital role that Britain could play in Europe's organisation. Without Britain, he indicated, the cause of union might be irretrievably lost. When Mr. Churchill entered the hall to take his seat the audience rose and cheered him for over a minute. Britain's wartime Premier declared that the alternative to the success of a United Europe was the complete breakdown of European economy and society when American aid came to an end. He urged that no time be lost in discussing European unity with the Dominions, to advise them that their interests as well as Britain's lay in a United Europe. Mr. Churchill suggested that the conference of Commonwealth Foreign Ministers to be held at Colombo next year would provide a vital opportunity for the discussion he envisaged

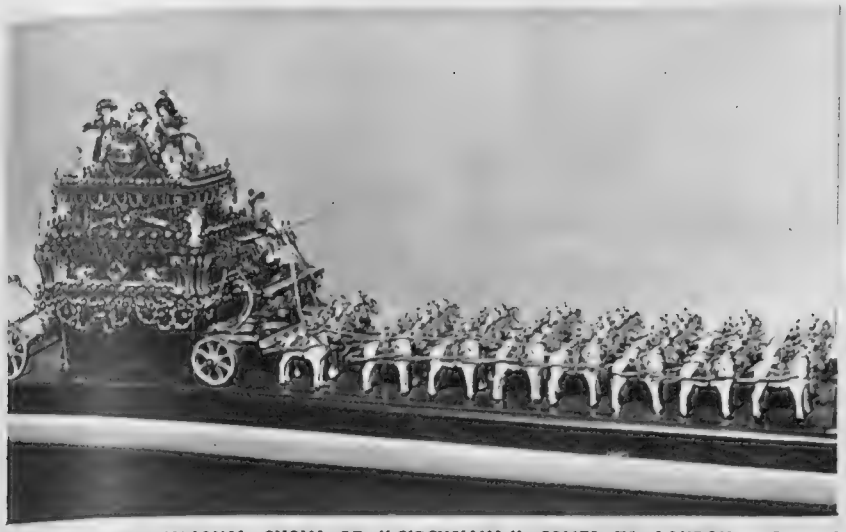
THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE OF FREE TRADE UNIONS OF THE WORLD: A general view of the scene at County Hall at the start of deliberations. After the opening speeches and messages of welcome, a somewhat bitter controversy developed among the delegates about the decision of the preparatory committee not to invite any of the Christian trade union centres except that of France. Signor Giulio Pastore, of Italy, who appeared to threaten withdrawal of his delegation unless the decision was reversed, suggested that they should make a unanimous decision to invite the Christian trade union centres, that had been so excluded, to join them. These included the Belgian, Dutch, and Danish centres



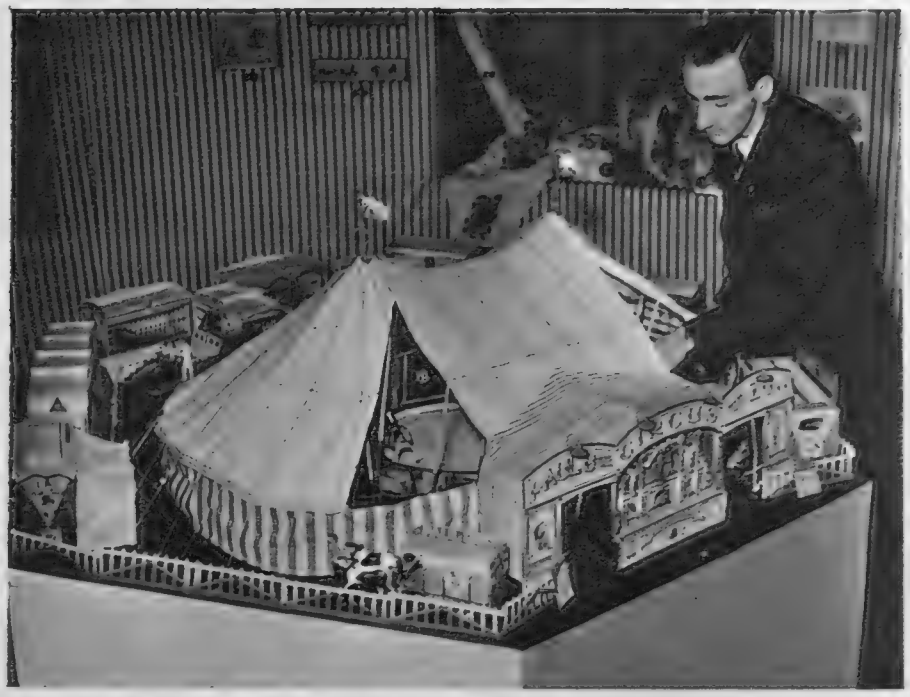
BRITISH MINESWEEPERS FOR BELGIUM: The Belgian flag is hoisted in H.M.S. "Liberty" (renamed the "Adrien de Gerlachi") at the "handing-over" ceremony at Portsmouth. In the background the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis, is saluting. Beside him stands the Belgian Ambassador Extraordinary

AFTER THE CEREMONY: The Belgian Ambassador Extraordinary, Vicomte Obert de Thieusies, Commander G. Depoorter, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis, and Sir John Lang, Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty, on the aft Bofors turret of the minesweeper, H.M.S. "Liberty," after she had been handed over to the Belgian Navy. The "Liberty" was the first of six British Algerine-class fleet minesweepers to be transferred to Belgium

COLLECTING CHRISTMAS TREES IN SNOWDONIA: *Left*—Foresters who are engaged in "thinning-out" conifers, carrying the cut trees through to a clearing for trimming and sorting. *Right*—The foresters brewing their tea during an interval in the day's work. Christmas trees to the value of £5,000 are being taken from this area of North Wales by the Forestry Commission, and it is hoped to distribute them throughout the country. The work is really part of the annual thinning-out routine



THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL SHOW OF "CIRCUSIANA" COMES TO LONDON: One of the highlights of the show is "Forty Horse Hitch." The model was built to commemorate a feat achieved at Lord George Sanger's celebrated show. It comes from the collection of Mr. Cyril B. Mills. Another prize exhibit on view at this unique exhibition is a pair of tights worn by Whimsical Walker



THE "BIG TOP" IN MINIATURE: Mr. Ken Wise, of Southampton, with his complete model circus which is the centre-piece of the world's first International Circusiana Exhibition now being held in London. The model, which packs into twenty wagons just like a real outfit, took three years to build. It has over 350 seating parts in the Big Top and there are over 600 separate parts altogether

THE LAST DAYS OF A FIRE STATION: The oldest fire station in Hampshire, at Crondall, is to close. The original manual pump, dated 1767, when the station was opened, is seen next to the present-day machine. On the left stands Mr. Snuggs, in charge for nearly fifty years. The Crondall Parish Council have been informed that, following a report by an inspector, the local fire station must close "in view of the present economic circumstances." The council are considering asking their M.P., Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, to raise the question in Parliament. They ask what would have been the fate of a local cottage which caught fire recently at 4 a.m. if they had had to wait for an engine from Odiham, Farnham or Aldershot

AN EXPORT WEIGHING 130 TONS: This Diesel locomotive, made by the English Electric Company and the Vulcan Foundry, is one of fifteen of the same design ordered by the Sao Paulo Railway. One of the largest of its type, it was loaded by the mammoth floating crane at the Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, on to the Royal Mail cargo liner "Parima" (which may be seen on the left) for shipment to Brazil

REPAIRS WOULD COST £700 MORE THAN ORIGINAL BUILDING: The Royal Pump Room, built in 1842 and fountain-head of the curative sulphur waters in Harrogate, is in danger of being demolished. The timbers supporting the six-ton lead dome are riddled with dry-rot. Repairs are estimated at £3,000, whereas the original building cost £2,300. When the dispensing of medicinal waters was transferred to the Royal Baths 100 yards away, the Pump Room fell into disuse. Until 1939 the streets converging toward the dome-topped building were closed to traffic between 7.30 and 9 a.m. Visitors taking the cure sat at tables sipping sulphur water and listening to the music of a band which played in the nearby Valley Gardens

RESTORING ONE OF THE LOST DIGNITIES OF PICCADILLY: The ornate Devonshire House gates, which before the war formed part of the fencing between Piccadilly Circus and Green Park, are to be restored, and the scaffolding is here seen going into position prior to their re-erection. These monumental gates formerly stood at the Piccadilly entrance to Devonshire House. When Devonshire House was converted into commercial premises the gates were given to the Office of Works. They were removed for melting-down early in the war, but were eventually reprieved

New Lamps and Old

VICTORIAN VIGOUR, ZEST, and FURY

An Age Ever Ready to do Battle By JOHN GORE

I LISTENED the other day to a discussion which developed from a reference to Newman's *Apologia* and embraced the religious controversies of Manning and Newman, and many others who were drawn in, in the mid-Victorian era, such as Kingsley and Gladstone. But perhaps "drawn in" is hardly the right word to apply to Kingsley, who threw the first bomb. And thence the discussion ranged over the astonishing vigour, physical and mental, of our Victorian ancestors, and the zest and fury which they were able to expend in argument and justification of their beliefs and theories and actions, in things of importance and in things by comparison trivial. That zest and that vigour lasted them throughout their lives, and often enough they lived to a ripe old age. And it was left to an Elder Statesman, born in the '70's of last century, to offer an explanation. He concluded that our race at that time reached the apex of its mental vigour, and ever since has gradually declined. I subscribe to the conclusion from personal recollections of my own immediate ancestors, who for the most part were long-lived. I have a very clear recollection of my paternal grand-parents, both of whom were born before Waterloo. I was old enough to note and to be surprised by the tremendous mental vigour and fierce partisanship which they revealed in family conversation, from politics and ethics down to the most trivial and normally non-contentious subjects, such as (for example, it sticks in my memory) the height of Goliath! They argued fiercely, they threw all their weight into their arguments, they could not let the question rest unsolved until one side or other had been beaten into acceptance.

My father, their eldest son, and at least one of his brothers and sisters, lived to a great age and to the very end preserved this tremendous zest for argument. They were people of the highest principles, their code of conduct was rigid, their political and religious beliefs were firmly held, undeviating and not susceptible of compromise. They regarded them as of such importance that they must uphold them without stint of energy on every occasion, even the most informal. And they were just as ready to do battle with every resource at their disposal when the controversy ranged round Dickens or concerned the character of Mr. Collins or Lady Catherine.

A Slow Decline.—Nor was this all. They were combative physically. My father was never strong in health, never robust. He lived to be ninety-three and to the very end he would fight for his rights in a bus queue, or vigorously defend to the point of a free fight a seat reserved in a train. He was brought up in an age when Englishmen were fiercely individualistic, would fight for their rights against all-comers, or their own rights in the streets and in the class to which they belonged, accepting the social orders of their day.

They were combative, and jealous of those rights and of fair play, and feared no devil in authority, be he Premier or inspector or bully, home-grown or foreign (such as General "Hyena"). From youth up my father had been no stranger to rough chaff and bullying. He loved and venerated his parents as they deserved to be loved, but the domination of parents in those days was discouraging to sensitive youth, and the roughest chaff of the elders threw cold douches on callow ideas and hooted ignorance and errors out of court. And the bullying at Harrow, where he was educated, was notorious for its barbarity. So he grew up, diffident of his undoubted ability, but trained to stand up for his rights and his country's rights. In my own undergraduate days I marvelled at his mental robustness and even his physical courage, and concluded that my own generation was composed of softer material.

Yet it is clear to me to-day that the softening-up of succeeding generations was confined only to mental robustness, and, even so, was not purely the result of regimentation in two world wars, leading to resignation, lethargy and the acceptance of bureaucratic control. The physical vigour of youth, and its courage, has not declined. On the contrary, it has reached undreamed-of heights and flights. And mental vigour and zest declined but slowly.

The Edwardians of the upper classes merely diverted the mental vigour inherited from their robust parents into more trivial channels. Their zest was directed much more to sport and recreation, to getting the material best out of life.

"Couldn't Care Less."—And it was not until the best was no longer to be had, that the difference in the mental vigour of the generations became so glaring. Disillusion had played its part, with war weariness. The partisanship, the enthusiasms of our fathers, in matters serious and trivial, seemed no longer worth the waste of energy. Such arguments were better dismissed with a shrug. What does it matter? Black or white—mostly black. One couldn't care less. "I must" and "I will" had given place to "I can't" and "I don't care."

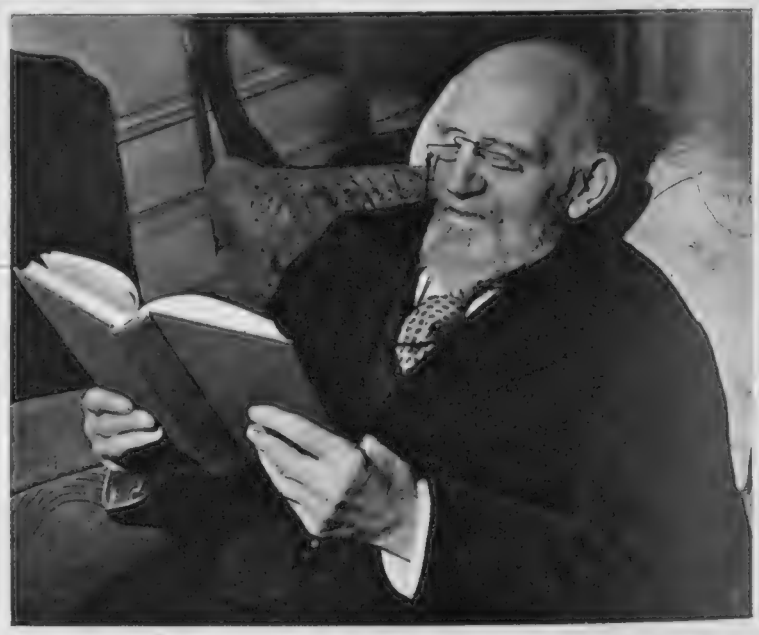
Nor, I think, can we trace this decline in vigour and self-assertion to the loss of beef and beer (or its equivalents in seven-course dinners and port *ad lib*). So many of the Victorian giants were abstemious, even ascetic.

What the general regimentation of world-war and post-war years took away from our generations, the discipline of parents and elders had supplied to the generations of our fathers.

The parenthood of the State, acknowledged now, has a very opposite effect to that of home discipline.

Our fathers fought for their rights because they recognised the hard-and-fast (and often harsh) order of society in class, status and grade, and because they embraced the principle that a man's first duty was to support himself and his family, to rise by merit if he could and, deservedly usually, to sink to poverty if he fell to laziness, drink or crime. He acknowledged (and was slowly beginning to provide for) "bad luck" cases. But his acceptance of the rigid orders of society was not yet challenged, and his creed made him combative, competitive, fiercely individualistic, in a world where the weakest went to the wall, if weakness comprised laziness or vice.

CHANGES IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Mr. S. E. Dykes Bower, consultant architect, Dr. Matthews, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Mr. W. Godfrey Allen, Surveyor to the Fabric, examining the scale model built to illustrate the proposed changes to be carried out at the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral. The model, beautifully made down to the smallest detail to a scale of ½-in. to 1 ft., is on view to the public at the west end of the Trophy Room aisle. It not only illustrates the final design for the replanning of the sanctuary, made possible by the decision to pull down the war-damaged reredos and replace it by a baldachino or ciborium over the high altar, but also the design for the American Memorial Chapel which is to occupy the apse. There is no doubt that the removal of the reredos, which was erected in 1888 to the designs of Thomas Garner, will improve the effect of the interior. To convert the chapel (previously known as the Jesus Chapel) into an American memorial it will be provided with its own altar in the centre of the apse (enclosed by silver rails and flanked by oak stalls and panelling), and a new marble floor



DR. CATHCART, THE MAN WHO BACKED THE PROMS: Living in obscurity in a basement room in Upper Wimpole Street is Dr. George C. Cathcart, M.A., M.D., once a distinguished ear and throat specialist. Dr. Cathcart can claim the distinction, though very few people realise it, of being the man who started the Promenade Concerts. He was the financial backer of Sir Henry Wood. The only restriction on Cathcart's offer was that French or low pitch should be introduced. The English pitch, Cathcart claimed, was damaging the voices of singers. When Robert Newman and Henry Wood agreed, Cathcart purchased all the instruments for the orchestra and spent over £2,000

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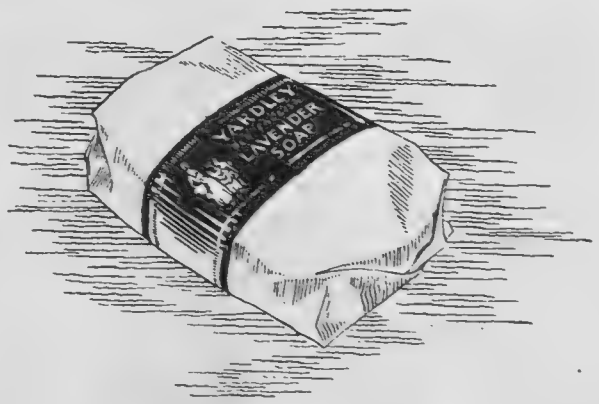

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TACKLING STELLA AND VANESSA

Miss Evelyn Hardy Attemps to Re-Assess Dean Swift and His Devoted Feminine Admirers

MISS EVELYN HARDY calls THE CONJURED SPIRIT SWIFT' (Hogarth Press. 15s.) "A Study in the Relationship of Swift, Stella and Vanessa." The publishers point out that what they call "the enigma of Swift's relationships" has been done often, but mostly by men. Of the handful of ladies who have tackled this difficult essay in factual speculation (and they include Lady Gregory, Virginia Woolf and Alice Meynell), none has attempted to search so diligently the soul of the man himself, to capture his elusive spirit and point an inexorable finger at the boy who was father to the man. Swift's well-known fastidiousness and insistence upon personal cleanliness is attributed to his infant experiences with the coarse-grained creature who took charge of him when he was born; posthumously after the death of his father. That he was overbearing and unsatisfactory to the women he loved, did not prevent them returning his love in overwhelming measure. Miss Hardy's thesis rests upon some powerful deductions, and it is interesting to see how she tackles both Stella and Vanessa, temporising with neither of these remarkable characters.

Although Mr. Dudley Carew claims that it is "in no sense a formal autobiography," THE HOUSE IS GONE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) begins when he was born, at about the beginning of the century, and leaves off at the moment when he decides to write this "personal retrospect." Mr. Carew, of course, belongs to that select group of writers on sport, and upon cricket in particular, none of whom seems to be able to write badly. The real flavour of the book is in the chapter called "Summing Up," into which Mr. Carew packs the personally urbane philosophy of a lifetime which has seen some of the most dramatic happenings in our history.

After spending twenty years in a convent, Miss Monica Baldwin, having obtained a special dispensation from her vows, returned to the outside world. I LEAP OVER THE WALL (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is the record of her impressions of the world of which she knew very little when she first entered the religious life, and it is, therefore, a remarkable and possibly unique document, written with humour, humility and perception. The book, at the same time, is a fascinating record of life as it is lived in the close confines of a religious Order. Space does not permit quotations, which alone could convey the extraordinary spirit and flavour of Miss Baldwin's story. It is outstandingly a book which demands to be read and enjoyed to the full.

Dramatic critics seldom fail to write good books. Usually men of strong prejudices, they live and work in a world of live and lively art. The clash of outspoken comment is part of the daily life in and about the theatre, and nobody is left in any doubt as to whether it is alive, dead, or that it won't just lie down. Mr. A. E. Wilson, the genial critic of *The Star*, writes authoritatively from a long and comprehensive experience. POST-WAR THEATRE (Home and Van Thal. 16s.) is exactly what he says it is; a survey of an exciting period following the remarkable renaissance in the theatre of the war years. Most appropriately it is jacketed with a portrait of that great contemporary actor, producer and manager, Sir Laurence Olivier.

Sir Harry Brittain writes just as authoritatively about the sphere of public life in which he has lived and worked so vigorously for close on half-a-century. HAPPY PILGRIMAGE (Hutchinson. 20s.) continues the story he entertainingly set down in *Pilgrims and Pioneers*. The versatility of his interests and his sanguine personality fairly radiate from these pages.

BIDFORD-ON-AVON: This picture of the little market town, "famous for its ale and its topers," comes from J. Allan Cash's new volume of photographic studies, *Shakespeare's Avon* (Chapman and Hall. 21s.). The book includes eighty full-page pictures printed in gravure. Bidford, the author says, still boasts the Falcon Inn, at least now as a building but not as an inn, oft frequented by Shakespeare

THE POLLARDED ELMS WHICH FRINGE BROCKHAM GREEN: This is one of the ninety-eight photographs by W. A. Poucher in his album, *The Surrey Hills* (Chapman and Hall. 21s.), a companion volume to Mr. Cash's book on Shakespeare's Avon. This is a volume that will particularly delight Londoners who have tramped this charming countryside on their week-end walks

THE CRICKET BAT WILLOW: One of the finely-drawn pictures in Adrian Hill's *Trees Have Names* (Faber and Faber. 21s.), which he gives the sub-title of "A Portrait Gallery of Trees." The author provides a series of brief factual captions with his admirable drawings

THE CLYDESDALE MARE AND FOAL: This is one of Charles Tunnicliffe's illustrations for Sidney Rogerson's *Both Sides of the Road* (Collins. 21s.), a new book about farming. It is not primarily for young people, and its appeal will no doubt be as irresistible as *Our Bird Book*

Mr. W. D. M. Bell is another powerful character whose expeditions are a legend up and down the vast expanse of Africa. KARAMOJO SAFARI (Gollancz. 16s.) tells the story of Mr. Bell's fourth safari into Karamojo in very different conditions from those which he encountered on his first visit in 1897. Written with modesty and even humility, this record still contrives to be "one of the most exciting stories to come out of Africa."

In HEAVENLY MANSIONS (Cresset Press. 21s.), Mr. John Summerson writes a series of essays outlining "a new interpretation of Gothic architecture." The biographer of Nash and historian of Georgian London here turns his attention to such diversities as Viollet-le-Duc, the Quattro-cento and John Wood of Bath. A provocative book, albeit on a specialised subject, and presented with an attractive exterior which is something new in the art of bookbinding.

Mr. John P. Marquand proceeds in his solid and substantial way to chronicle the social life of his own country, and the record is as rich, satisfying and historically veritable as that of John Galsworthy. POINT OF NO RETURN (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is another compendious tale of those comfortably-off people who live on the North Atlantic seaboard of the United States. From him you can find out why Charley Gray, seemingly a solid, happy citizen with a good wife and two children, should be scared. You can also find out what he got from life when he succeeded in exorcising the ghost of his fears. You will also discover why, for all his unhappiness, Charley was a very human and, indeed, lovable character. And you will, moreover, get to know more about America than in a month of Sunday séances at the cinema.

The picture which Mr. James Aldridge draws in THE DIPLOMAT (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) is just as substantial, but far from being comforting or even comfortable. Briefly, the story concerns a post-war diplomatic mission to Moscow, headed by a typical career diplomat, who is accompanied by one MacGregor, who is temporarily on loan from the India Office. MacGregor is there because the matter under dispute concerns Azerbaijan and he is a scientist, having been born and practically brought up in Persia, and therefore knowing the language. The clash between these two men is made clear from the outset, for MacGregor has the uncomfortably logical mind of the scientist as well as some positive opinions about the rights of peoples to determine their own destiny. Mr. Aldridge takes the reader behind the diplomatic scenes with an authority and realism calculated to plunge the average novel-reader into a deep preoccupation with his tale. The climax is fought out on the floor of the House of Commons.

In his "Chandos" novels, Mr. Dornford Yates has created a world so peculiarly his own that he defies all the ordinary standard of criticism. COST PRICE (Ward Lock. 10s. 6d.) is the eighth of this series, and the sum total of their success bears witness to their widespread appeal and popularity.

Mr. Eric Baume also takes his readers into a world remote from present-day realities in DEVIL LORD'S DAUGHTER (The Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.). The story of Sir Fulke Lord, a madman, who succeeds in the killing of his wife and the raising of his daughter, Georgina, as a son, is interwoven with what we are to believe is the authentic account of one of Captain Cook's voyages of exploration. The result is a diverting and lively yarn.

JUSTICE FOR Dr. MITFORD

Vera Watson Takes a Balanced View of the Spendthrift Doctor

Dr. George Mitford, father of Mary Russell Mitford, has received short shrift from biographers. William Harness, lifelong friend of the authoress of *Our Village*, particularly reviled the spendthrift doctor, whom he labelled "a detestable old humbug." Vera Watson, in her new biography, MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (Evans Brothers. 15s.), which is based on a much more careful survey of the vast Mitford correspondence, reveals the doctor, "who ruined his wife and crucified his daughter," as an attractive character for all his gross faults. His general manners, his sporting propensities, his leniency as a magistrate and his acts of generosity (even though they were not always at his own expense) obviously made the doctor popular with his Berkshire neighbours, and, for all his profligacy, it must be remembered that he never succeeded in alienating the affections of his wife and daughter. He spent the former's fortune of £28,000, lived on the proceeds of the latter's literary industry, and left behind him debts and destitution, this despite a lottery windfall of £20,000 which came to him in mid-career. It is a grim and formidable accounting on the wrong side of the ledger, but Miss Watson, who has been much aided by the discovery of Mary Russell Mitford's personal diary, somehow makes the strange family relationship of the selfish, pleasure-loving father, the homely mother, and the gifted daughter wholly credible. The Mitfords were a gay and happy family, and the long letters they wrote to one another are abundant evidence of their deep sense of unity. Miss Watson, picking her way with unfailing skill amid a wealth of new and old material, has not for one moment allowed prejudice to rule her judgment in dealing faithfully with Dr. Mitford and his long-suffering daughter. We are left with the thought that there must have been something worth while in a man who kept fresh in his daughter's mind a keen delight in the incongruities of living, a lively sympathy with the self-willed, robust individuality which inspire so many of Miss Mitford's sketches; but, as ever, the overriding impression must be one of unbounded admiration for the gracious woman whose fortitude was equal to so many harsh experiences, who never for one moment gave way to embitterment even in the midst of long years of dire poverty, and whose gay and witty prose delighted her own generation as it has delighted each generation since.

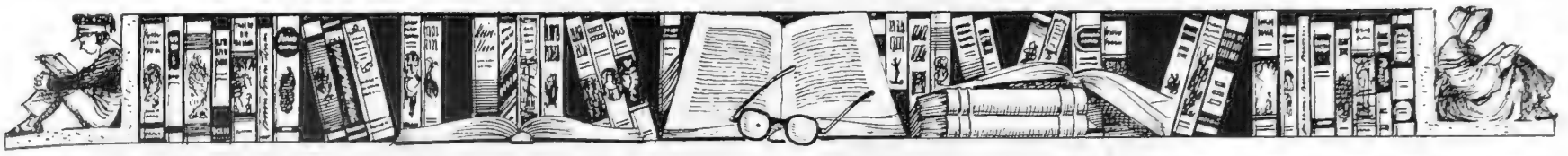
If you thrill to the knowledge that Misikatz, Puffchen, Vulpi, Lilliput and Fratzebutzi were the cats of Carmen Sylva; that Micetto was the beloved cat of Chateaubriand, or that Slippers was the revered White House cat in the days of Theodore Roosevelt, then by all means go ahead and read from cover to cover Christabel Aberconway's A DICTIONARY OF CAT LOVERS (Michael Joseph. 30s.). It is a lavish production indeed, with a wealth of fulsome quotation, a host of feline anecdotes; the cat-hater will find no comfort amid all this adulation; he will search in vain for anything in the nature of Kipling's cat that walked by itself. For the cohorts of cat-lovers, here is everything they could desire.

Mr. R. H. Wilenski's FRENCH PAINTING (Medici Society. 35s.) now appears in a new and revised edition embodying the author's latest researches in a field where his erudition and independence of judgment are well known. The 206 illustrations are an admirable adjunct to the text, Mr. Wilenski using them to reveal both the development and the continuity of the French genius in painting.

The hereditary wardenship of Savernake Forest is an office of great antiquity, dating back to the Conquest. It has remained ever since in the same family. The present hereditary warden, the twenty-eighth of the line, is the Marquess of Ailesbury. His son, the Earl of Cardigan, has written the history of THE WARDENS OF SAVERNAKE FOREST (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.), and his book, spanning a period of 825 years, is one of well-sustained interest.

In 1875, in the Cave of Altamira at Santillana del Mar, a nobleman of Santander, Don Marcellino de Santuola, looked upon the home of Stone Age man, discovering in company with his daughter "the most amazing sight that had ever met an archæologist's gaze," many coloured paintings of prehistoric beasts, bison, hind, wild horse, and wild boar, painted in glorious colours—reds, browns, yellows and violets—by men who lived 20,000 or more years ago in the dimness of pre-history. In MEN BEFORE ADAM (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), Anne Terry White tells the dramatic story of the Altamira discovery (forerunner of the even more remarkable finds made in the Lascaux Cave of Périgord in 1940), and much else besides about the first dwellers on the earth. Miss White sets forth the achievements of all the great pioneers in the field of anthropology, Darwin, Huxley, Falconer, Prestwich, John Evans and Benjamin Harrison, leading us sure-footedly through the maze of slowly accumulated evidence which has helped us to trace man's lineage.

Among the Reprints: Prosper Mérimée's superb tales CARMEN and COLOMBA are reprinted together in the Novel Library (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.).



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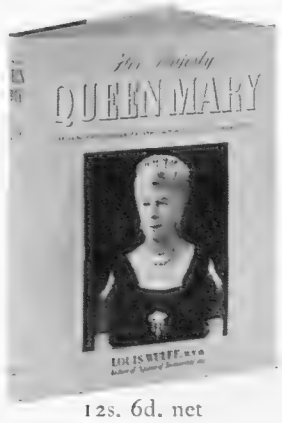

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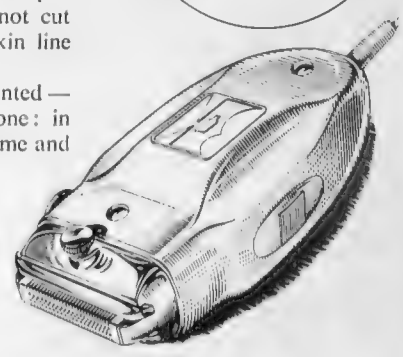

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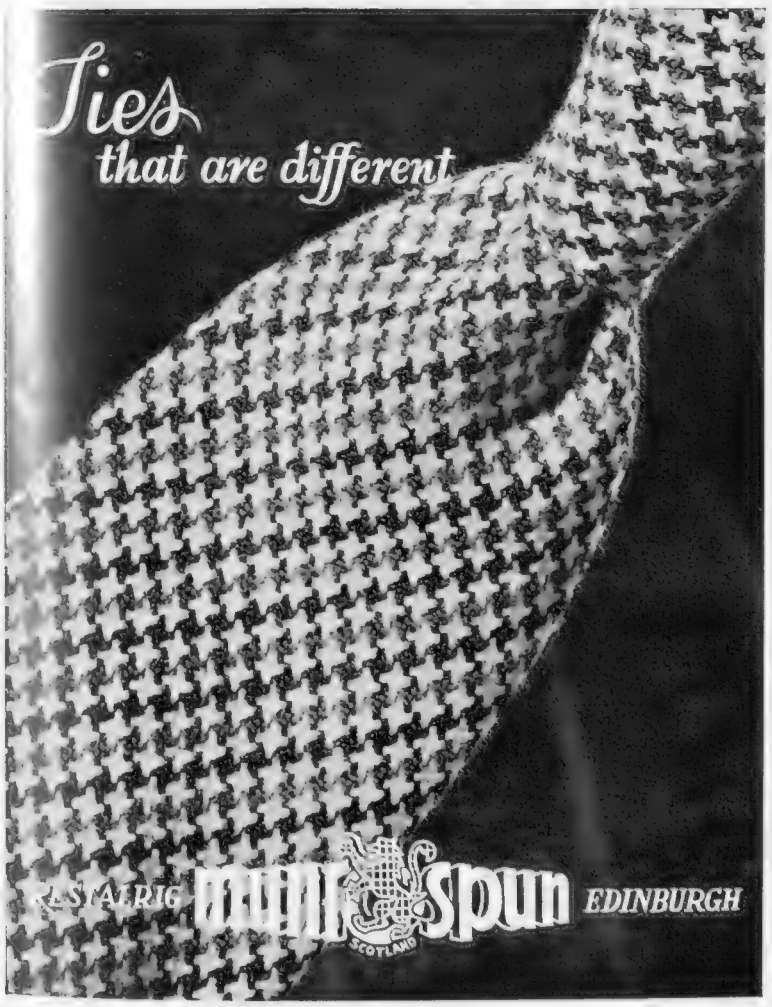

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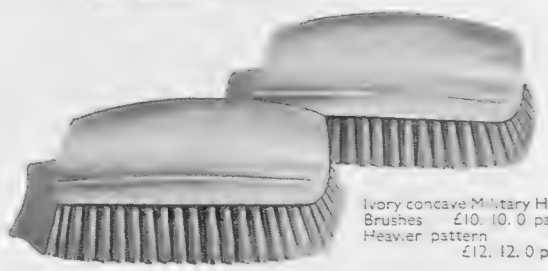

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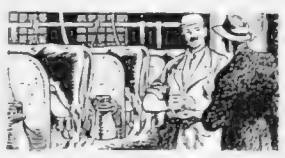

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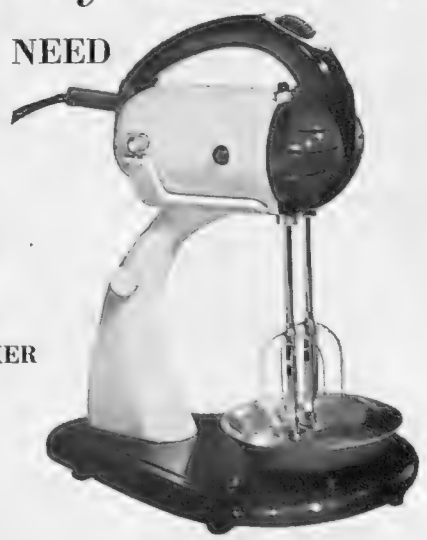

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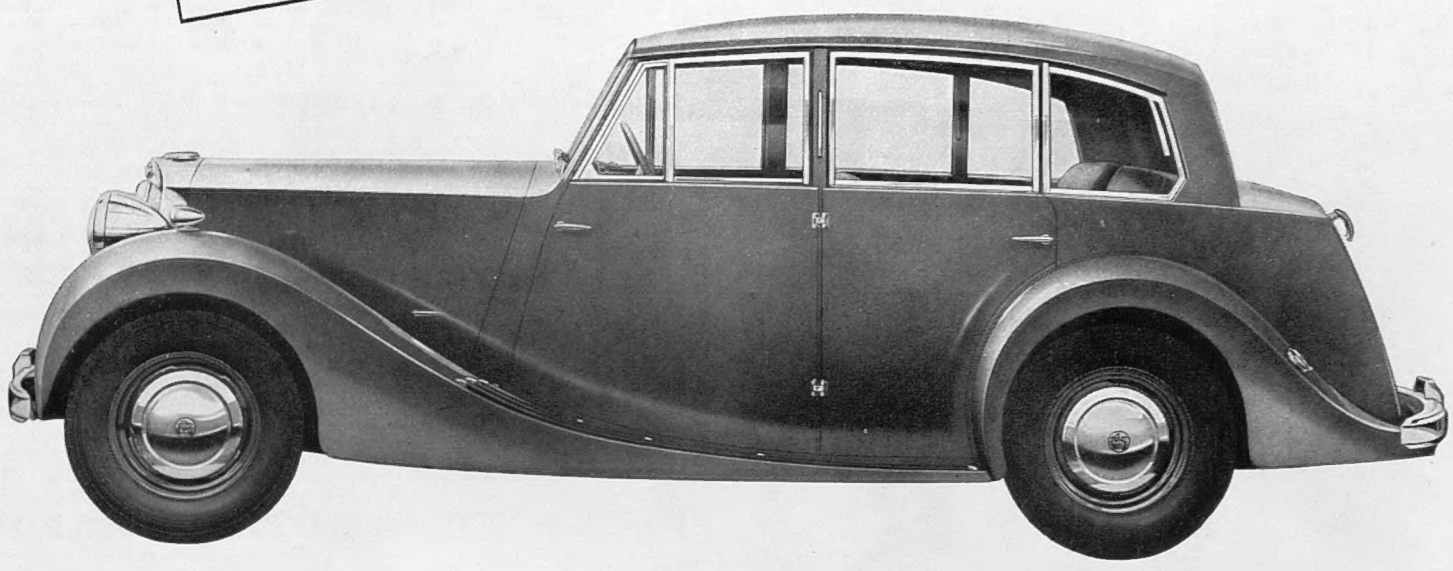

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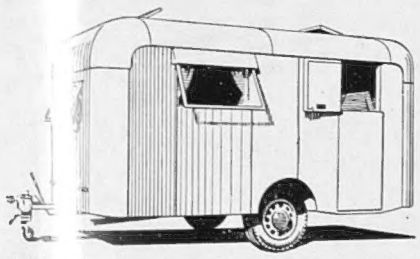

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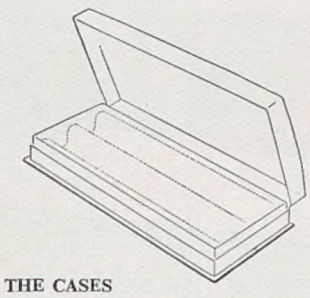
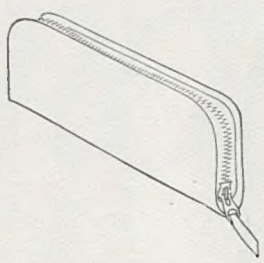


THE CASES

All Swan Sets for Christmas giving are presented in a tasteful box.



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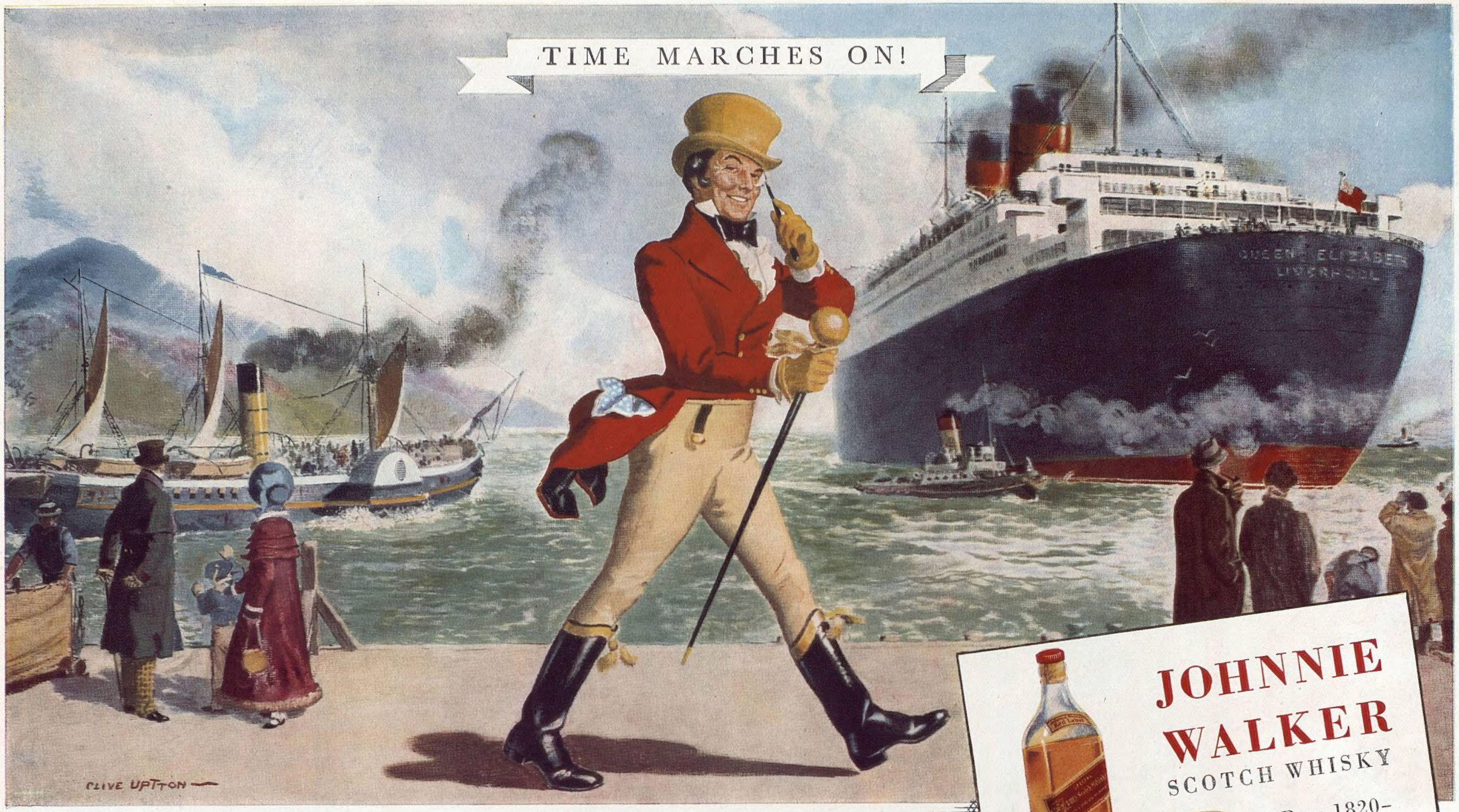

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The paddle-boat become the "Queen."
Like Clyde-built ships, I've grown in fame—
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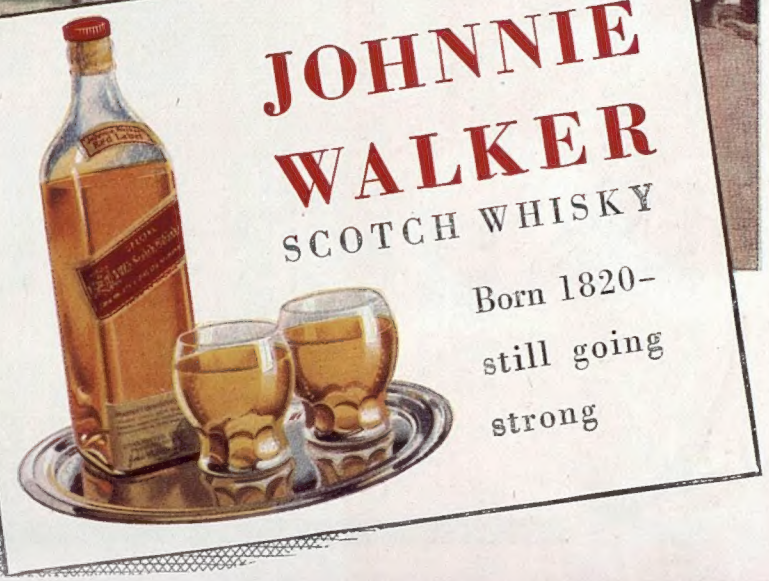

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, December 10, 1949. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.